

An expositiō

cyon after the maner of a
contemplacion vpon the .li.
psalme / called Miserere mei
Deus / whiche Hierom of
Farrarye made at the
latter ende of hys
dayes.

ALAS wretch that
I am / comfortles-
se and forsaken of
al mē / which haue
offended bothe he-
uen and erthe. Whether shall
I go: or whether shall I turne
me: To whome shall I flye for
socour: who shall haue petye
or compassion on me: vnto he-
uen dare I nat lyfte vp myne
eyes, for I haue greuously syn-
ned agaynst it / and in the erth
can I fynde no place of defen-
ce: for I haue bene noysome
vnto it. What shall I nowe
do: shall I dispayre: God for-
gyde / full mercyfull is God:
and my sauour is meke and
louinge, therfore God only is
my refuse he wyl nat despyce
hys creature neyther forsake
his owne ymage. Unto the

vpon the .li. psal.

therfore most meke and mercy
full God came I all sadde and
sorrowful for thou only art my
hope / and thou arte only the
toure of my defence But what
shall I saye vnto the / sythe I
dare nat lifte vp myne eyes, I
wyl poure out the wordes of
sorrowe / I wyl hertely beseeche
the for mercy and wyl saye.

Haue mercy vpon me (o God)
accoydinge to thy great mercy
God which dwellest i light
that no mā can attayne / God
which art hidde & canst nat be se-
ne with bodely eyes / nor cōpre-
hended with any vnderstan-
dyng that euer was made ney-
ther expressed with the tonges
of men or aungels. My God,
the whiche art incomprehen-
sible do I seke, the whiche canst
nat be expressed do I call vpon
what thyng so euer thou art,
whiche arte in euery place. I
knowe that thou art the most
hype and excellent thyng. If
thou be a thyng / and nat ca-
ther the cause of all thyng, yf
I may so call the, for I fynde
no name by the whiche I may
name or expresse thyne in enar-
table mayestye. God (I saye)
A. I. whiche



An exposition

whiche arte all thynges that
are in the, for thou arte euen
thyne owne wysedome, thy
power and thy most glorious
felicitie. Seynge therfore that
thou arte merciful, what arte
thou but euen the very mercy
it selfe? And what am I / but
very mercy. Beholde therfore
o god which art mercy, behold
miserie is before þe, what shalt
thou do mercy? truly thy wor-
ke, canste thou do other wyse
then thy nature is? And what
is thy worke verely to take a-
waye myserye, and to lyfte vp
them that are in wretched con-
ditions, therfore haue mercy
on me oh God. God I say whi-
che arte mercy take away my
mysery, take awaye my synne,
for they are myne extreme mi-
serie. Lyfte vp me whiche am
so miserable / shewe thy wor-
ke in me & exercyse thy power
vpon me, One depth requyred
an other, the depth of mysery
the depth of mercy. The depth
of synne areth the depth of gra-
ce and fauour. Greater is the
depth of mercy then the depth
of misery. Let therfore the one
depth swallowe vp the other,

vpon the. li. psal.

Let the botomelesse depth of
mercy swallowe vp the profou-
de depth of mysery.

Haue mercy on me (oh God)
accoordinge to thy great mercy

That after the mercy of me
whicce is but small, but after
thyne one mercy whiche is vn-
mesurable, which is incompre-
hensyble, which passeth al syn-
nes without cōparacyon. Ac-
coordinge to that thy greate
mercy with the whiche thou
hast so loued the worlde, that
thou woldest gyue thyne only
sonne. What mercy can be
greater? What loue cā be moze
who cā despayre? Who shuld
nat haue good confidēce? God
was made man and crucifyed
for men. Therfore haue mercy
on me (oh God) accoordinge to
thys thy greate mercy by the
whiche thou haste gyuen thy
sōne for vs, by which (through
hym) thou haste taken awaye
the synne of the worlde, by whi-
che (through hys crosse) thou
hast lyghtened al men, by whi-
che (through hym) thou haste
redressed all thynges in heuen
and erth. Washe me (oh lord)
in his bloude, lyghte me in his
humilite

An expositioun

humilitie redresse me in this resurrection Haue mercy on me (oh God) nat for thy smal mercy (in comparyson) whan thou helpe men of theyr bodely euylles, but for it is greates forgifuest synnes, and dost eleuate me by thy fauour, aboue the toppe of the erthe. Euen so Lord haue mercy on me accordynge to this thy great mercy that thou turne me vnto the: that thou put out my synnes, and that thou iustefye me by thy grace and fauoure.

And accordynge to the multitude of thy compassions wpe awaye myne iniquite.

Thy mercy lord is the habundaunce of thy petie, by the whiche thou lokest gentely on the poore and wretched. Thy compassions are the workes, and processe of thy mercy. Marpe Magdalene came vnto thy fete (good Jesu) she washed the with her here, thou forgafuest her and sentest her awaye in peace, this was (Lord) one of thy compassions. Peter denied the and forsoke the with an othe/thou lokest vpon him and he wepte bytterly/thou forgaf-

vpon the. li. Psal.

uest hym and madest hym one of the chiefe amonge thyne. Apostles this was (lord) another of thy compassions. The thefe on the crosse was saued with one worde. Paule in the furious wodnes of his persecucion was called and by and by fulfilled with y holys ghoit these are lord thy compassions. The tyme shulde fayle me yf I shulde number all thy mercryable compassions, for loke howe many ryghtwysse men there be, and so many are thy godly compassions. There is none that can gloze in hym selfe. Let them all come that are ryghtwysse eyther in earthe, or in heuen and let vs are the before the whether they be saued by theyr owne power and vertu. And surely al they wyll answer with one herte and one mouthe saynge. Nat vnto vs (lord) nat vnto vs, but vnto thy name gyue al the prayse for thy mercy & for thy truthe sake. For they in theyr owne swerde possessed nat y land & their owne arme or power saued them nat, but thy ryght hande & thyne arme, and the

A. ij. lyghtnyng

An expositioun

lyghtnyng of thy countenaunce
for thou delystest in the (that
is) they are nat saued for they
owne deseruinges lest any mā
shulde boiste hym selfe / but be-
cause it pleased y so to be, whi-
che thyng the prophet dothe
also moze expressely wptnes of
the whā he sayth: He saued me
because he wolde haue me.
Seyth therfore that thou arte
the same God with whome is
no alteracyon or variablenes,
neyther arte thou chaunged
vnto darkenes: & we thy crea-
tures as well as our fathers
whiche were bozne vnder con-
cupiscence synners as well as
we / and syeth there is but one
mediatour and atonemēt be-
twene God and man that is
Chyste Jesu which endureth
for euer / why doste thou nat
poure on thy plentuous com-
passions vpo vs / as wel as y
dydest vpon our fathers: hast
thou forgotten vs: or are we
onely synners: dyd nat Christ
dye for vs: Are all thy merites
spent and none lefte.

O Lord our God I desyre &
hertely beseeche the / to put out
myne iniquite accordyng vnto

vpon the. li. Psal.

to the multytude of thy cōpas-
sions. For many ye and infi-
nite are thy compassions / that
accordyng (I say, to the mul-
tytude of thy cōpassions thou
bouchesafe to quenche my syn
that as thou hast drawen and
receiued innumerable sinners
and hast made the ryghtuous /
enen so that thou wilt drawe
and take me & make me ryght
wyle thorough thy grace and
fauour / therfore accordyng to
the multytude of thy compas-
sions wype away myne iniqui-
te. Clence and purifye myne
hert, that after al myne iniqui-
te is put out and al my vnclē-
nes clensted, it may be as a cle-
ne table in the whiche the syn-
ger of God may wyte the law
of his loue and charite with y
whiche cā none iniquite cōtinue.
Bet washe me moze from
myne iniquite and clense me
from my synne.

Graunte and knowledge
(oh Lorde) thou hast ones put
out myne iniquite thou haste
put it out agayne and haste
wasshed me a thousand times
howe be it yet washe me from
myne iniquite / for I am fallē
agayne

An expolycyon

agayner. Dost thou vse to spare a synful man vntyl a certayne number of his syn whiche whan Peter enquired / how often shall my brother offende agaynste me / & I shal forgyue him / whether seuen times / thou answerest : I say nat seuen tymes but seuen tymes seuen tymes takynge the certayne number / for an infinite number . Syth than that a man muste forgyue so often shalte thou in pardonyng and forgyuenes be passed of a man, is nat god moze than man ye rather God is the great lord & every man lyuyng is nothynge but all vanite . And only God is god and every man a lyar, hast thou nat sayde . In what houre so euer the synner dothe repente I wyll nat remember any of his iniquites . Beholde I a synner do repent & moze for myne olde preylozes festered within , & now are they broken forth for myne owne folyshnes . I am depressed and soze broken I walke in continually mozynge / I am feble & very weake I rozed for the sorowe of myne herte ,

bpou the. li. Psal

T Lord al my desyres are before the & my sorowful syghes are nat vnknewen vnto the . Myne hert trebleth and panted for sorowe / my strength faylith me and euen the very syght of myne eyes cease from theyr offyce . Wherefore than oh lord doste thou nat put awaye myne iniquite . And yet I put it out accorpyng to the multitude of thy mercies / yet wase me fro myne iniquite . For yet am I nat perfectly pure, fynishe thy worke take awaye the hole offence and also the payne that is due vnto the cryme , encrease thy lyght within me . Kende myne herte with thy loue and charyte put out all feare for perfect loue sendeth awaye feare . Let the loue of the worlde , the loue of the fleshe the loue of vayne glorie and the loue of my selfe utterly depart from me / yet styl moze and moze washe me fro myne iniquite by the whiche I haue offended agaynste my neyghboure, and clense me from my synne that I haue comytted agaynste god . I wolde haue the put awaye nat onely the

A.iii. faute

An expoficion

laute and paine that foloweth
it, but alfo the occafion and nou
ryfmet of fyne. Waſhe me I
ſaye with the water of thy gra
cyous fauoure, with water of
whiche he that drynketh ſhall
nat thirſt for euer, but it ſhall be
made in hym a fountayne of ly
uynge wate runnyng in to euer
laſtyng lyfe. Waſhe me with
the comfortable waters of thy
holy ſcriptures that I may be
numbred amonge them vnto
whom thou ſaydeſt. Nowe are
ye cleane for my wordes whiche
I haue ſpoke vnto you. Jo. 13.
For I knowlege myne ini
quite, and my ſinne is euer be
fore myne eyes.

¶ Although throughe the be
holding of thy mercy and com
paſſions I may beholde to ſyre
vnto the (oh lord) yet wyl I
nat come as the Pharife whi
che prayed nat, but rather pray
ſed hym ſelfe, and deſpiſed his
neighbour but I come vnto
the, as the publicane. Lu. xxiij.
whiche durſte nat lyfte vp his
eyes vnto heuen for I alſo do
knowlege myne inquite/and
whyles I ponder my ſynnes
I dare nat lyfte vp myne eyes/

Upon the. li. Pſal.

but humbelyng my ſelfe, with
the publicane I ſaye: God be
merciful to me a ſynner. My
ſoule wauereth betwene hope
and feare and ſometyme for
the feare of my ſynnes (which
I feele and knowlege to be in
me) I am redy to diſpayre /
ſometyme throughe the hope of
thy mercy / I am liſted vp and
cōforted. Neuertheles bycauſe
that thy mercy is greater than
thy myſery I wyl euer Lorde
truſt in the and wyl ſynge out
thy plētuous compaſſions for
euer. For I knowe that thou
deſpyeſt nat the deat. of a ſyn
ner / but rather that he were
conuerted and that he wolde
knowlege his ſynne and ſo
come to the that he may lyue.
¶ My god graunt me that I
may liue in the, for I knowlege
my wyckednes, I know what
a greuous burthen it is, howe
copious/and ieoperdious. I
am nat ignorant of it / I hyde
it nat but ſet it euē before mine
eyes that I maye waſhe it w
my teares and knowlege vn
to the Lorde myne vntyght
wyſnes agaynſt my ſelfe. And
alſo my ſynne whiche I haue
proudely

An expositioun

upon the .l. Psal.

proudeþ done agaynste that/
is euer agaynste me/and ther-
foze it is agaynste me/becanse
I haue synned agaynste the:
and it is truly agaynste me/foz
it is euen agaynste my soule/
and accuſeth me euer befoze
the my iudge and cōdemneth
me euer and in euery place: &
it is so agaynste me that it is
euer befoze my face and stan-
deth but agaynste me that my
prayer may nat perce through
vnto the / that it myght take
thy mercy fro me and hynder
thy mercy that it can nat come
at me: therfoze do I tremble &
therfoze do I moꝛe beſechige
thy mercy. Therfoze o lord as
thou haſt gyuen this grace to
me to knowe my wyckednes
and to bewaile my synne: eue
so accompliſhe this thy bene-
uolēce gyuyng a perſyte fayth
and drawyng me to thy ſōne
whiche hathe made a ful ſatis-
ſaccyon foꝛ al my synnes. Gy-
ue me lord thy precyous gyft,
foꝛ euery good gyft, and euery
perſyte gyfte is from aboue
cōmyng frō the father of light
Agaynste the onely haue I
synned: and haue done that

whiche is euyl in thy ſight: that
thou mayſt be iuſtified in thy
woꝛdes and mayſt haue þ vic-
toꝛie whan thou art iudged.
¶ I haue ouermochē synned
vnto the alone / foꝛ thou com-
maundedſt me that I ſhulde
loue the foꝛ thy ſelfe / & ſhulde
loue al creatures foꝛ thy ſake.
But I haue loued a creature
moꝛe than the / loupng it euyn
foꝛ it ſelfe. What is synne, but
to loue a creature foꝛ it ſelfe:
and what is that / but to do a-
gaynste the? Surely he that
loueth a creature foꝛ it ſelfe
maketh that creature his god
And therfoze haue I synned a-
gainſt þ only / foꝛ I haue made
a creature my god. So haue
I caſt the away, and haue ben
iniurious onely to the / foꝛ I
haue nat offēded agaynſt any
creature in that I haue ſet my
truſt oꝛ confidence in it. Foꝛ it
was nat cōmaūded me that I
ſhulde loue any creature foꝛ it
ſelfe. Yf þ haddeſt cōmaūded
me þ I ſhulde haue loued an
aungel only foꝛ him ſelfe / and
I had loued mony foꝛ it ſelfe/
thā no doute I had offēded a-
gainſt þ aungel. But ſyth that
thou onely art to be loued foꝛ

An expositioun

upon the. li. psal.

thy selfe that is to say without any respecte other of good or euill & every creature is to be loued in the and for thy sake. Therefore haue I surely offended only against thee, for I haue loued a creature for it selfe.

But yet haue I worse done/for I haue synned euyn in thy syght. I was nothyng ashamed to syn before thy face. Oh merciful god, howe many synnes haue I done in thy syght whiche I wolde in no wyse haue done before mortal me/ye that I wolde nat in any cause the men shulde knowe I feared men more then the/for I was blynd and loued blyndnes / and so dyd I neyther se nor ones consyder the. I had onely fleshy eyes, therefore dyd I onely feare and loke on me whiche are fleshe. But thou lookedest on all my synnes and numbred them, therefore I can neyther hyde them from the / neyther turne my backe and flye from thy face.

Whether shal I go fro thy spirite and whether shall I flye from thy face: what shal I than do: whether shal I turne

me: whome shal I fynde to be my defender: whome I praye you but that my god: Who is so good: who is so gentle: who is so merciful: for thou passest without comparyson all creatures in gentlenes. It is one of the chiefeest properities to forgive and be mercifull / for throughe mercy and forgiveness thou dost most declare thy almyghtyness. I graunt lord that I haue offended onely againste the / and haue done that whiche is euill in thy syght. Haue mercy therefore on me & expresse thy pynsaunce in me / that thou mayst be iustified in thy wordes / for thou hast sayd: that thou camest nat to cal the ryghtwyse / but synners vnto repentaunce. Justifie me lord accordyng to thy wordes: cal me / receyue me / and gyue me grace to do trewe workes of repentaunce. For this cause wast thou crucified / dead, and buried. Thou saydest also. Johan in the thyrde chapitre. Whan I am lyfted vp from of the earthe / I wyll drawe all vnto my selfe, verifie thy wordes, drawe me after the let vs runne

An expositioun

runne to gether in þe sweetenes
of thyne oymntmentes. Besydes
that þe saydest: Mat. xi. Come
vnto me all ye that laboure / &
are laden, and I wyl ease you.
No I come vnto the laden w
synnes / laborynge daye and
nyght in the sorowe of myne
hert refreſhe and ease me lord
that thou mayst be iustified &
proued trewe in thy wordes / &
mayste ouercome whan thou
art iudged / for there are many
that saye: he shall haue no so-
coure of his god. God hath for-
saken hym. Overcome lord
these persones whan thou art
thus iudged of them & forsake
me nat at any tyme. Gyue me
thy mercy & hollesome socoure /
and thā are they vanquished.
¶ They saye that thou wylte
haue no mercy on me and that
thou wylt cast me clene out of
thy fauoure & no more receyue
me. Thus art thou iudged of
me / and thus do men speke of
the / & these are theyr determi-
naciouns / but thou whiche art
meke and merciful haue mer-
cy on me and ouer come theyr
iudgemētes / shewe thy mercy
on me and let thy godly pytye

vpon the. li. Psal.

be prayſed in me. Make me a
vessell of thy mercy that thou
mayste be iustified in thy wor-
des and haue the victoꝝ whā
men do iudge the / for men do
iudge the to be ſperce and in-
flexible. Overcome theyr iuge-
ment with mekenes and bene-
uolence / so that me may lerne
to haue cōpassiō on synners
and that malefactours may
be enflamed vnto repētaunce,
seyng in me / thy pitte & mercy.
¶ No I was fashioned in wyck-
ednes and my mother concep-
ued me poluted with synne.
¶ Beholde nat lord the gre-
uouſnes of my synnes / cōſyde
nat þe multytude / but loke mer-
cyfully on me whiche am thy
creature. Remēber that I am
dust and that all fleshe is as
wethered hey / for lo I am fas-
honed in wyckednes and in
synne hathe my mother con-
ceyued me. My naturall mo-
ther (I say) hathe cōceyued me
of concupicēce / and in her am
I poluted with original sinne
What is originall synne / but
the lacke of originall iustice &
of the ryght & pure innocency
whiche man had at his creatiō.
B. i. therefore

An exposition

therfore a man cōcepued and
borne in such synne is hole cro-
ked and out of frame. The fle-
she coueteth agaynst þe spirite.
Reason is slender, the wyl is
weake / men is freyle and lyke
vanite, his senses deceyue him
his ymaginacion faileth hym
his ygnorauce leadeth him out
of the ryght way / and he hath
infinite impedimētes whiche
plucke hym frō goodnes and
dwyue hym into euyl. Therfore
original synne is the rote of al
synnes and the nurse of al wyc-
kednes for all be it þe in euery
mā of theyr owne nature it is
but one synne yet in power it
is al synnes. Thou sayst ther-
fore Lorde what I am, and of
whence I am, for in originall
synne (whiche cōteyneth all syn-
nes and iniquities in it) am I
fashioned / and in it hath my
mother cōcepued me, sythe thā
I am hole in synnes, and enuy-
roned with snares on euery
syde, howe shall I escape? for
what I wolde that do I nat
but the euill that I wolde nat
that do I. For I fynde a nother
lawe in my mēbers rebellinge
agaynst the lawe of my mynde

þpon the. li. Psal.

and subduing me vnto þe lawe
of synne and deathe. Therfore
the more frayle and rutagled
thy godly beneuolēce seyth me
so moche þe more let it lyfte vp
and comforte me, who wolde
nat pitie one that is syke? who
wolde nat haue compassyon on
hym that is dysleascd? Come
come swete Samaritane and
take vp the woundes and halfe
dead / cure my woundes / poure
in wyne and oyle, set me vpon
thy beast, byrge me into the
hostry / commytte me vnto the
hoste, take thou out two pence
and saye vnto hym, what so
euer thou spendest aboue this
whan I come agayue I wyll
recompence the.

Lo thou haste loued trueth/
the vnknewen & secrete thyn-
ges of thy wysdome, hast thou
vnterred vnto me.

¶ Come moste swete Sama-
ritane / for beholde thou haste
loued trueth / the truth (I say)
of thy promysse whiche thou
haste made vnto mankynde/
then haste thou truly loued:
for thou haste made and kepte
them / so that thy loue is no-
thyng els but euen to do good

An expositioun

for in thy selfe thou art inuari-
able & immutable / thou blest
nat now to loue & anone nat
to loue (as mē w) neyther doth
thy loue so come and go. But
thou art suche a louer as doth
neuer chaunge for thy loue is
very god. Thy loue therfore
wherwith þ louest a creature /
is to do it good, & whom thou
moste louest / to them art thou
moste benefyciall. Therfore
what meaneth, þ thou louest
truth but that of thy gracious
mercy þ makest vs promisses /
and fulfyllest the for thy tru-
thes sake? Thou dyddest pro-
myse vnto Abraham a sone whā
he was aged / thou fulfyldest
thy pmyse in olde and bareyne
Sara / because thou louedest
truth. Thou promysedest vi-
to þ chyldren of Israel a land
that flowed with mylke and
hony / & at the last dydest gyue
it them / for thy truthes sake.
Thou madest a pmyse to
David sayeng: I shall set vp
thy seate regall one of þ frute
of thy body: & it came euyn to
passe, because thou woldest be
founde trewe. Therfore are
other innumerable pmysses in
whiche þ hast euer bene sayth:

Upon the li. Psal.

ful because thou louest truth.
Thou hast pmyssed to sinners
whiche wyll come vnto þ / for-
gyuenes and fauoure / & thou
hast neuer defrauded man for
thou haste loued truth. That
vnto hyfye sone Luce xv. that
toke his iourney in to a farre
coultre & wasted al his goodes
with ropatous lyuynge / whā
he came to hym selfe, he retour-
ned vnto the sayeng: father I
haue synned agaynst heuen &
betore þ / nowe am I nat wo-
thy to be called thy sone, make
me as one of thy hired seruaū-
tes. Whan he was yet a great
way of, þ sawest him & haddest
compassion on hym, & cannest
vnto hym, fallynge vpon his
necke & kysyng him þ brough-
test forth þ best garnēt & put-
test a rynge on his fynger and
shewes on his fete, þ kyledest
þ fatted calfe & madest all the
house mery sayeng let vs eat &
be mery, for th; my sonne was
deade and is alpyue agayne, he
was losse and is nowe founde.
Why dydest thou al th; lord
god: surely because thou loue-
dys truth. Loae therfore (o fa-
ther of mercies) th; truth i me /
B. 4. which

In expoficion.

which retourne vnto the from
a farre countrie runne towards
me and gyue me a kyffe of thy
mouth / gyue me thofe chefe
garmentes, drawe me into thy
houfe kyll the fatted calfe that
all whiche trust in the may re-
toyce in me / and let vs eate to-
gether in fpirituall feastes.
Oh lord wylt thou exclude me
alone and wylt thou nat kepe
this trueth vnto me: yf thou
fhuldest loke narrowly on our
wyckednes Oh lord: Lord
who myght obye the: But
Lord I wylt nat be fo ftrayte
vnto vs / for thou loueft truth
ye and that with a feruēt and
in comprehenfyble loue.

Whiche is the trueth that
thou fo loueft: is it nat thy fon
that I fo loueft: is it nat thy
fonne that fayde Jo. xiiii. I
am the waye / truth / and lyfe:
he is the very trueth of whom
all truth is named in heuen &
earth / this is it that thou haft
loued and in it onely haft thou
delyted for thou dyddest fynde
it pure and with out fporre &
woldest that it fhulde dye for
fynners. kepe therfore (Oh
god) this truth / beholde I am

vpon the. li. Pfal.

a great fynner in whome thou
mayfte kepe it to whome thou
mayfte forgyue many fynnes /
whome thou mayft purifye in
the bloude of thy Chryft / and
whome thou mayfte redeme
throught his paffion / why (oh
lord) haft thou giuen me this
knowlege of thy fonne / and
this fayth of hym: Because I
fhulde fe my redemption & nat
to attayne it that I myght by
that menes be the moze vered
with fozowe: God forbid. But
rather that I may perceyue
the remiffio of my fynnes pur-
chafed by Chryftes blode / and
fo by his grace may obteyne it
Purge me therfore & redeme
Oh lord (for thou haft vttered
vnto me the vnknewen and
fecret poyntes of thy wyle-
dome) that thys knowlege may
helpe me and byynge me vnto
helthe / for truly the Philofo-
phers neuer knewe thefe thin-
ges / they were vnknewen vn-
to the / ye and vtterly hyd fro
them. And no man knewe the-
fe thyngs, except a fewe whom
thou louedest entyrelly / before
thy fonnys incarnacyon.

The most curious fearchers
of

An exposition

vpou the.ij. Psal.

of the worlde (I meane the wyse men of this worlde) lyfted vp theyr eyes aboue heuē and yet could nat fynde this thy wysedome / for thou haste hyd these thynges fro the wyse and prudent and hast opened them vnto babes / that is / to humble syls and thy holy Prophe-tes whiche also haue vttered the vnto vs. And so hast thou vttered the vnknewen and secrete thynges of thy wysedome and of thy scriptures vnto me why do I knowe the in vayne I knowe the surely in vayne if they profite me nat vnto my helthe and saluacion. For the Philosophers whā they knew god by his meruelous creatures they glorified hym nat as god neyther were thankfull / but vexed full of vanities in theyr ymaginacions & theyr folysshe hertes were blynded. Whā they counted them selues wyse / they became fooles. Wylt thou suffer me lord to be of theyr nūber? God forbide for thou art euen mercy it selfe whiche dothe neuer vtterly forsake any man. Favour therfore lord / fauoure and spare

thy seruaunt / and comaunde hym to be of the nūber of thy babes / that the vnknewen secretes of thy wysedome which thou hast opened to hym may leade hym vnto the fountayne of wysedome which is an hye / thou mayste be praysed in the worke of thy mercy whiche thou dost exercise towardes thy seruaunt (lord) which neuer forsakest them that truste in the. Sprinkle me Lord with petytye & so shall I be clene / thou shalt washe me / and then shall I be whytter than snowe. Because lord thou haste loued the trueth and hast opened vnto me the vnknewen secretes of thy wysedome / I am well comforted and I truste that thou wylt nat cast me out of thy fauoure / but thou wylt sprinkle me with petytye and so shall I be clensed. Petytye is a lowe herbe / it is hote and of a good fauour which signifieth nothyng els / but thy onely sonne our Lord Iesu Christ whiche humbled hym selfe vnto deathe: euen vnto the deathe of the crosse. Whiche with the herte of his seruēt charite loued

An exposition

upon the .li. Psal.

vs, & washed vs fro our syn-
nes in his bloude. which with
the redolent sauour of his be-
neuolence & ryghtuousnes re-
plenished þ hole world. Ther-
fore with thy yflope shalt thou
sprynkle me, whan thou doste
poure vpo me the vertu of his
precious blode: whan Chyste
through fayth shal dwel in me
whā throughe loue I am ioy-
ned w him, whan I shal cōter
fayte his humilite & passyon/
thā shall I be cleused from all
myne vncleannes. Than shalt
thou washe me w myne owne
teares whiche flowe out of the
loue of Chyist, thā shal I sygh
vntyl I be wery / I shal water
my bedde euery night with my
teares / so that it shal swynne
in them / and than shalt thou
washe me and I shal be whyt-
ter than snowe.

Snowe is whyte & colde / but
lorde yf thou sprynkle me with
yflope, I shal be more whytter
thā snowe, for I shal be throu-
ghly endued with thy splēdet
lyght which passeth all bodely
wytnesse. And whan I am en-
flamed with the lyght I shall
forsake all my carnal cōcupis-

cence, colde vnto a coldly thin-
ges & enflamed vnto heuenly.
Vnto my hearing shalt thou
gyne ioye and gladnes & my
brosed bones shalbe refreshed
¶ Than lorde shal I pray vn-
to the / erly (that is in þ begyn-
nyng of thy lyght) shalt thou
here my voyce & I shal heare
what þ lorde god shal speake
in me for he shal speake peace
for his people and shal gyue
me peace Lorde thou shalt gy-
ue me peace for I haue trusted
in þ / vnto me hearyng shalt
thou gyue ioy & gladnes, whā
I shal heare that confortable
wordes that mary herde. And
what herde mary (I speake of
that mary whiche sate at the
fete of Iesus. Math. 26. what
herde she: Thy fayth hath sa-
ued the go thy wayes in peace
Let me also heare that þ these
harde: this daye shalt thou be
with me in peradyse / thā shall
I haue ioy for the remysion of
my synnes, and gladnes for
thy bounteous & lyberall pro-
myses / shal I nat reioyce & be
glade whan thou shalt gyue
me two folde for al my synnes
than shall I begynne to taste
hawe

An expolycyon

howe swete the lord is / than
shall I lerne to be conuersant
in heuēly thynges & shall saye
with the pphete: howe great &
copious is þe swetnē lord whi-
che þe hast layde vp for the that
feare þe. Than shall I reioyse &
be glade and my brosed bones
shal be refreshed. What are þe
bones which sustayne þe fleshe
but þe powers of our soule and
reason þe bere vp the fraylte of
our fleshe þe be runne nat hed-
longe into al byces / that a mā
fal nat hole into vanite and so
consume awaye. These bones
I saye are soze brosed / for the
reason is very weake / and the
wyll is prone and redy to all
myschiefe / for euen now the
fleshe obeveth nat reason / but
reason muste obeye þe fleshe / so þe
I can nat resyste vyce / for my
bones are brosed And why are
they brosed: for they haue for-
saken the / the fountayne of ly-
uynge water / & haue dygged
for them selues cisternes full
of chynnes which cā holde on
waters / for they are nat fylled
with thy grace without which
no man can lyue wel / for with
out the we can do nothyng.

Upon the 13. Psal.

They trusted in theyr owne
power which is no power and
therfore decayed they in theyr
owne folysshenes. Therfore
let thy power come (oh lord)
and than shall these brosen bo-
nes be refreshed, let thy grace
come and that say the whiche
worketh thzough loue Let thy
powers and gyfts assyle me
and thā my brosed bones shal-
be refreshed / for my reason shal
be mercy / my memory glad &
my wyll full of ioy. And thus
shall they al reioyse / for aboue
theyr owne natural strength /
whā they go aboute any good
worke they shall procede and
prosper wel / neyther shall they
leue it vnperfyte but thzough
thy helpe shall they bynge it
to good passe and effecte.

Turne thy face frō my synnyng
& wype away al my wickednes.
Why lokest thou lord vpō
my synner: why numbest thou
them: why consyderest thou
them so diligently: doste thou
nat knowe that man is euen
as a floure of the fede. Why
doste nat thou rather lōke in
the face of thy Chyste. Alas
wretche that I am. Why se
se I

An expolycyon.

bpou the. li. Psal.

se I the angry agaynst me : I graunt I haue synned howe be it for thy gentylnes haue mercy on me. Turne thy face from my synnes. Thy face is nothyng but thy knowlege/ turne away therfore thy knowlege from my synnes. I meane nat that knowlege wherwith thou seest and perceuest all thynges / but that where by I approuest and disallowest all thynges, wherby thou allowest the workes of the ryghtwylse and condempnest the reprovable synnes of I wicked, knowe nat my synnes on that maner that thou woldest impute the vnto me & lay the to my charge. But rather turne away thy face from my synnes that though thy mercy they maye be quenched loke lord on the creature whome thou haste wrought/loke bpō thyn owne ymage, for I poore wretche haue put bpou me the ymage of the deuyll (that is synne) turne away thy face frō the ymage of the dyuel and be nat angry with me / and beholde thyn owne ymage that thou mayst haue mercy on me.

Comerciful lord/remember that I lookedest bpou Zachary whiche dyd clyme vp in to a wylde figge tre to se the. Luke xix. And thou entrest into his house which thou woldest neuer haue done yf thou haddest looked on the ymage of I dyuell whiche he had put on hym/ but bycause thou sawest thyn owne ymage on hym/ I haddest compassyon on hym & heledest hym He promysed to geue the halfe of his goodes to the poore / & yf he had falsly deceyued any man to restore it foure folde and he obtayned mercy and helthe. And I bequeth my selfe euen hole vnto the nothyng reserved. And promysse to serue the for euer with a pure herte and wylfulfyl my promysse al dayes of my lyfe therfore than lord doste thou nat loke in thyn ymage in me also? Why dost thou yet consyder my synnes : Turne I beseeche the thy face frō my synnes and wype away al my wyckednes/ wype away all I praye the that none remayne. For it is wyttē he that kepeth the hole lawe and offendeth in
one

An expositioun

one poynte is gylty in þ hole/
that is to saye, hath deserued
dampnacoun / whiche is the
payne of all synnes that leade
vnto dethe. Put out therfore
all my wyckednes / that none
offende the / which shuld bypunge
me to condempnacoun.

A pure herte create in me (oh
god) and an vpryght spirite
make a newe within me.

¶ For my herte hath forsake
me and goeth a straye bitterly
forgettyng his owne helthe:
it is wandred into straunge
countres & ensuyth vanities/
and his eyes are in the bitter-
moste costes of the worlde. ¶
called it agayne, but it answe-
red me nat. It is gone / losse / &
sold vnder synne. what nowe
loste: what shal I say? A pure
herte creat in me god an humble
herte / a curteous herte / a pea-
cyble herte / a gentle hert a de-
uoute herte / suche an herte as
wyl nether do an other man
hurte / nether yet auenge him
selfe whan he is offended / but
rather do good agaynst euyl,
and such an herte as wyl loue
the aboue all thyng / whiche
wyl speake of the, and thanke

vpon the .ij. Psal.

the whiche wyl delyte in hym-
nes and spirituall songes and
be hole conuersant in heuely
thynges. Create this herte in
me (oh god) creat it of nothing
that it may be of suche effeca-
cite throughe grace, as nature
is neuer able to make it. This
grace cometh only from the in-
to the soule throughe thy crea-
coun / it is the beauty of a pure
herte / it draweth vnto hym al
vertue and expelleth all vyce/
therfore create in me Oh god
a pure hert throughe thy grace
and make a newe an vpryght
spirite in my bowels.

¶ For thy spirite shall leade
me into a ryght waye / whiche
shall purge me from all erthy
affectes and shall lyfte me vp
vnto heuely thynges. The lo-
uer and the thyng þ is loued
are bothe of one nature. He þ
loueth bodely thing is world-
ly, but he that loueth spiritual
thynges is spiritual. Gyue me
a spirite that may loue the &
worshype the / the most hye spi-
rite / for god is a spirite & they
whiche worshype hym, moste
worshype hym in the spirite &
verite. Gyue me therfore an

C. i. vpryght

vpryght spirite nat sekynge
his owne spirites profyte and
gloze / but the wyll and gloze
of god renewe an vpryght spi-
rite within me / renewe it / for
my synnes haue quenched the
fyrste y^e thou gauest me. Gyue
me now a newe spirite that it
may redresse that thyng whi-
che is inueterate / my soule is
also a spirite and so made of
the y^e of hyr selfe she is ryght/
for of her owne nature she lo-
ueth the aboue hir selfe and de-
syreth all thynges for thy glo-
rie / so that her owne naturall
loue is ryght / for it cometh of
the but of hir owne frowarde
wyll it is inueterate & polluted
causynge hir naturall loue to
decaye. Make newe therfore
thys spirite & thys loue throughe
thy grace that it may walke in
the ryght way accordynge to
his nature renewe it (I saye)
that it maye euer enflame me
with heuenly loue, that it may
euer cause me to sygh vnto y^e /
to embrace the continually and
neuer to forsake the.

Cast me nat awaye from thy
face / and thy holy ghoſte take
nat from me.

Behold lord I stande be-
fore thy face that I may fynde
mercy I stande before thy be-
nyng goodnes lokyng for thy
fauorable answere / caste me
nat confused from thy face
who came euer lord vnto the
and went away cōfused? who
euer desyred thy fauour / and
went without it. Surely thou
passest in thyne aboundant
pitie bothe the deservynge &
also the desyres of them that
pray vnto the / for thou gyuest
more than me can desyre y^e or
vnderstande whan they haue
it. It was neuer herde y^e thou
dydest caste away fro thy face
any man that euer came vnto
the. Shal I oh lord be y^e fyrst
that shalbe caste awaye from
thy face & vtterly confounded?
Wylt thou begynne at me to
confounde them that come vn-
to the? Wylt thou neuer more
haue mercy and compassyon?
god forbyde. The woman of
Canane folowed y^e / she cryed
and made piteous noyse she
moued y^e discyples vnto cōpas-
syon / & thou heldest thy peace
she contynued knockynge she
wozshypped the & sayd: Lord,
helpe

An expolycyon

helpe me / neyther yet woldest thou answere. Thy discyples entreated for her saing: let her go for she cryeth after vs. But what was thyne answere lord? I pray the / what dydest thou aunswere: for soth that she dyd wepe in bayne and laboured for noughte for thou saydest that thou waste nat sente but vnto þe shepe þe were persylshed of the house of Israell. What shulde this woman do whan she harde these wordes? verely euen dispayre as concernyng the grace þe she requyred: and yet dispeyred she nat but trustynge in thy mercy prayed yet agayne sayng: Lord helpe me vnto whose importunite (Lord) thou answeredest / it is nat good to take the chyldrens breade & cast it to houndes as thoughe þe shuldest haue gyue her a ful aunswere & sayde departe fro me / you Cananites are dogges, ye are Idolatres, the precyous gyftes of heuely fauour pertayn nat vnto you, I ought nat to take the away fro the Jewes which worshippe the trewe and lyvinge god / & to gyue them to such dogges

upon the. li. Psal.

as ye are which worshippe ydols and dyuels. What shalt thou now do thou woman of Canany? that mayste now be a shamed and gette the awaye / for the lord is angry nat with the alone / but also thy hole nacion. Oh lord god, who wolde nat haue bene confounded and haue pyked hym away at these thy wordes? who wolde nat haue mombled and grudged agaynste the? Who wolde nat haue iuged þe to be cruell. And yet dyd this woman continue styll in prayer. She caste nat nat awaye hir confidence / she toke nat these harde wordes heuely, she was nat angry but she humbled hir selfe þe more & abode styll in petition & sayde with good fraunce: It is truth lord that þe sayest / but I are no breade / I are nat þe fauour that þe chyldren shulde haue. I am a lytle whelpe and desyre the crómes whiche fall fro the chyldrens table. Let the floze & abonde with myracles & other gracio^s fauour, but let nat me be destitut of this crúme of grace þe my doughter maye

C. li.

be

An expolycyon.

be delyuered from the fendes
possession for the whelpes to
eate of þe crummes whiche fall
from theyr maysters tables/
beholde what fayth what trust
and what humilite was in thy
woman / therfore be thou nat
displeased with her importuna-
te instaunce, but reioysynge in
her excellent constancy dydest
saye. O woman great is thy
fayth / be it vnto þe as þe wylt.
why are these thynges wyrt-
ten lord god? þe we may lerne
to truste in the, that we maye
humbly and deuoutly cōtinue
in prayer / for thou wylt gyue
it yf men be gready. But the
kyngdome of heuen suffereth
violence and they that make
violence vnto it catche it / for
what thynges so euer are wyrt-
ten are wyrttē for our lernynge
that throughe patience and
comforte of the scriptures we
maye haue hope.

Caste me nat therfore lord
from thy face / whiche stande
weppynge and waylynge daye
and nyght before thy face/nat
that thou shuldest delyuer me
from the bodely oppression of
dyuels but that þe wylt delyuer

vpon the. li. psal.

my soule from his spirituall
power and domynion. Let me
nat be shamed (O swete Iesu)
for in the onely haue I trusted
I haue no helthe nor comforte
but in the O lord: for all haue
forsake me/euen my byetherne
and chyl dren haue caste me of
and myne owne bowels abhor
re me I haue none other hel-
per/but only the. Cast me nat
therfore awaye from thy face/
and take nat thy holy spirite
from me. There is no mā which
can saye þe Iesus is the lord
but by þe holy ghoſte / therfore
yf I call vpon the lord Iesu/
that do I in the holy ghoſt. yf
I be soꝝ for my synnes which
are passed yf I are forgiuenes
this do I verelye by the holye
ghoſt. Therfore I beseeche the
take thou nat from me thy holy
ghoſt/but that it may be with
me/and laboure with me / for
we wote nat what to despyre
as we ought to do. But the
spirite helpeth our infirmities
and maketh intercessyō for vs
þe is, maketh vs to praye with
suche sorrowful gronynge as
cā nat be exp̄ssed with tongue
therfore take nat awaye this
thy

An expolicyon

vpon the. li. psal.

thy holy spirite fro me / that
he maye teache me to praye / &
helpe me in my labour & may
cause me to continue in pray-
ers and teares / & at y^e lengthe
I may fynde fauoure befoze
thy face / and may serue the all
the dayes of my lyfe.

Make me agayne to reioyse in
thy sauyng helthe, & strengthe
me with a principall spirite.

C It is a great thinge that I
despye o lord / howe be it syth
thou art god a greate lord / &
kyng ouer al godds, he dothe
the iniurie which asketh small
thynges of the. All transitory
and corruptible thynges are
but small in thy syght: but spi-
ritual and euerlastyng thyng-
es are greate and precious.

Take awaye y^e spirite & soule
from the body & what remay-
neth but most vyle donge, dust
and vayne shadowe: therfore
euen so much dyfference there
is betwene y^e body and his sha-
dowe / so may I conclude y^e he
which asketh bodely thynges
asketh but vayne trybles but
he y^e despyeth spirituall thyngs
dothe surely despye great thyn-
ges, but specially he y^e despyeth

sauyng helthe. What is thy
sauyng helthe but Iesus thy
sone: whiche is very god and
euerlastyng lyfe / why shal I
nat than aske of the this thy
sauour / syth y^e arte a myghty
and most lyberall father, whi-
che gauest him vnto the dethe
of the crosse for me. Nowe syth
thou haste so offered hym for
me / why shuld I be a shamed
to aske hym of y^e? It is a great
and noble present neyther am
I worthy to haue such a gifte,
howe be it, it becometh thy wor-
thy lyberalitie to gyue suche
noble gyftes / for this therfore
thyne ineffable gentlenes I
dare presume to come boldly
vnto the and to despye thy sa-
uyng helth in whom I myght
fully reioyce.

C For yf of his carnall father
any lone aske fyre, wyl he re-
ceyue hym a serpent? And yf he
aske an egge / wyl he giue him
a scorpion: or yf he ask2 breade /
wyl he giue him a stone? Now
yf carnal fathers beyng euyl
and synners / wyl gyue vnto
theyr chyldren good gyftes
whiche they haue receyued of
the: howe moch moze y^e heuely

C. iij. father

father whiche of thyne owne substance art good and wylte gyue a good spirite to the that desyre it of the: Beholde thy sone whiche is returned from a farre cōtrei sozowynge and repentynge/ asketh of y, that fysh of fayth/ for as the fysh lyeth secrete vnder the water/ euen so is fayth of suche thynges as are nat sene / he asketh I save a true. fayth y he maye reioyce in y sauing helth: wylt thou reache him a serpēt, wylt thou gyue hym the venome of vnfaythfulnes whiche pcedeth from the olde and croked serpēt y dyuel: I desyre of the O lord y egge of hope y euen as out of an egge we hope, for a cheken/ so throughe hope, y thou wylt graunt me to come vnto the syght of thy sauyng helthe/ y out of my hope maye come this holsony syght/ as y chycke dothe out of the egge. I desyre the egge of hope that my soule throughe hope may be sustained in this vale of tere and maye reioyse in thy sauyng helthe: wylt thou gyue me y scorpion of desperacyon: that as a scorpion hathe pop-

son in the ende of her tayle/ so I in the laste ende of my lyfe shulde reserue synne, delityng my selfe and takynge my pleasure with the intyementes of this worlde, which seme beautifull & flatteryng / euen as a Scorpion doth in the face: I desyre of the also (o lord) the breade of Christes charite by y whiche he dothe cōmunicate hym selfe (euen as bread) vnto all mē y I may euer reioyce in thy sauyng helthe / wylt thou gyue me a stone/ that is to say hardnes of hert: God forbide. Why shall I than mystruste for to desyre & obtayne greates thynges of the o lord, seyng thou sturyst me vp & byddest me aske & knocke/ euen tyll I seme importunate: And what thyng can I aske which thou shalt be better cōtente with all o els that shulde be moze holsony for me thā that y shuldest make me reioyse in thy sonne out sauyng helthe: Nowe haue I tasted howe swete the lord is howe easy & pleasaunt his burthen is. I remember what peace & tranquillite of mynde I was in/ when I reioyed

An expofycyon

bpou the.ij. Pſal.

I loyed in god / and reioyſed
in Chriſt my Lorde & ſauour
therfore am I now in moze ſo-
rowe, for I knowe what good-
nes and comodite I haue loſt,
therfore wll I crye moze im-
portunatly. Make me agayne
to reioyſe in thy ſauyng helth/
reſtoze me agayne the thyng
whiche my ſynnes haue loſte.
Reſtoze me þ which throughe
my faulte is perſhed in me.
Reſtoze me (I beſeche the for
his ſake that euer ys on thy
right hande and maketh inter-
ceſſyon for vs) gracyous fa-
uour / that I may perceyue that
throughe hym thou arte pacy-
fyed towardeſ me that it may
be a ſeale vpon my herte / and
that I may ſaye with the A-
poſtle Paule Galathas. ij. I
am crucyfyed with Chriſte / I
lyue verely / yet nowe nat I /
but Chriſte lyueth in me. But
bycauſe my frayltye is great /
ſtrengthe me with a princypal
ſpिरितe that no troubles or af-
flictions may ſeperate me fro
Chriſt that no feare may cauſe
me to denye the / and that no
paynes maye make me ſlyde
from the. My ſtrengthe is nat

ſufficient to reſpyſte and fyghte
with that olde ſerpent and to
preuayle agaynſt hym. Peter
ha the taught me howe greate
our infirmitie is / he ſawe the
with his bodely eyes (Lorde
Jeſu) and was moſt familiary
conuerſant with the he taſted
of thy glozy in þ mountayne /
whan thou waſt tranſfigured
he harde the fathers boyce: he
ſawe thy manyfolde & woun-
drous workes / ye & throughe
thy power dyd hym ſelfe ma-
ny myracles. He walketh on
his fete vpon the waters / and
herde dayly thy myghty and
ſwete wordes: he thought him
ſelfe moſt feruent and hote in
the fayth and ſayde that he
was redy to go with the bothe
into priſon & vnto very death
And whan thou toldeſt hym
that he ſhulde denye the he be-
leued the nat: he truſted in his
owne ſtrengthe / and truſted
moze vnto him ſelfe being but
a man / than vnto the beyng
very god But whā the handes
mayde ſayde vnto him. Thou
arte of the ſame compaigny / he
was afraid by and by and
denyed it. There cam an other
mayde

An expolycyon.

mayde and sayd: Surely thou arte of the same folke. And he denyed the agayne.

He could nat stande befoze women, howe shulde he than haue stāde befoze kynges and tyrauntes? And whan he was yet ones moze enquyred of the by standers and was accused to be one of his disciples / he beganne to curse and to swere that he knewe the nat / what thynke you he sayde? I suppose that he sware by god and by þe lawe of Moyses þe he knewe þe nat / addyng such woꝝdes. Thynke you that I am þe disciple of this Samaritane which deceyueth þe people which is inspired with the dyuell / & destroyeth our lawe? I am þe discypule of Moyses / & knowe nat frō whence this felowe is. Blessed be God that they ceased enquyryng any further / for els wold he neuer haue ceased denyng the / so that a thousande interrogacions wolde haue made a thousande flatnegacions: yea a thousande curses & periures / yet were these interrogacions but woꝝdes. What wolde he haue done? I

bpōn the. li. Psal.

praye the) if they had scourged hym and buffetted hym wel: Truly he wolde haue sought & proued all meanes / denyng forsweryng / cursyng & blasphemynge vntyll that he had escaped theyr hand. But thou most meke lord lookedst backe bpō him and by & by he knowleged his offence: Neyther yet durst he leape into the myddes of them and confesse the to be the sonne of god / for he was nat yet strenghted with power from aboue / so that without doubt he wolde haue denyed the agayne yf he had sene any leoperdye at hande / therfore as it was mooste mete for hym, he went forth and wepte bitterly. But thou after thy resurreccyon apperedest vnto hym and confortdest / hym and yet byd he hym selfe for feare of þe Jewes he sawe þe so gloriously ascendyng vnto heuē & was strenghted by the syght & confort of angels / & yet durste he nat go abode / for he had learned by experyence to knowe his owne fragilite & had proued his weakenes. Therfore byd he tarpe and wayte for the holy

An expoficion.

holy ghoſte which was promp-
ted. When he was come and
had fylled Peters herte with
grace/than ſtepte he forth:thā
beganne he to ſpeake/and thā
with great power and ſygnēs
bare he wytnes of thy reſurrec-
cyon. Than feared he neyther
þ hye þiſtes nether yet kynges
but reioyſed in tribulatyons
and receyued the croſſe with
all myrthe and gladnes. Ther-
fore ſtrengthe me lord with a
pryncypal ſpirite þ I may con-
tinuallly reioyce in thy ſauyng
helth/oꝛ els can I nat beare ſo
many aſſautes agaynſte me.
The fleſhe coueteth contrarye
to þ ſpirite. The worlde aſſay-
leth me on euery ſyde / þ dyuel
ſlepeth nat. Gyue me þ ſtrēgth
of thy ſpirite that there maye
fall by my ſyde / a thouſande
& ten thouſande by my ryght
hande that I may be a ſure &
ſtronge wytnes of thy ſayeth/
foꝛ yf Peter whom þ enducteſt
with ſo many fauourable gyl-
tes / dyd fall ſo wretchedly /
what ſhulde I do lord which
haue neyther ſene thy natural
preſens : neyther haue taſtede
of thy gloꝛy in the mountayne

þpon the. li. Pſal.

neyther haue ſene thy gracyoꝝ
myꝛacles : ye & haue ſcarſely
perceiued thy maruelous woꝛ-
kes/and haue neuer harde thy
voyce / but haue ben euer ſub-
dued vnder ſynne therfore
ſtrengthe me with a pryncipal
ſpirite that I maye perſeuer/
in thy ſeruyce and gyue my ly-
fe foꝛ thy ſake.

I wyl inſtrute the wycked þ
they maye knowe thy wayes:
and the vngodly ſhalbe con-
uerted vnto the.

Aſcribe nat this Loꝛde vn-
to preſumption yf I go about
to teach þ vngodly thy wayes
foꝛ I deſyre nat to teach as I
nowe am wycked / vngodly &
vnder þ bondes of ſynne , but
yf thou make me agayne to re-
ioyce in thy ſauynge helthe: yf
thou ſtrengthe me with a prin-
cypall ſpirite and yf alſo thou
ſet me fre/than ſhall I teach
the vngodly thy wayes. Ney-
ther alſo is this harde vnto þ/
whiche of berpe ſtones canſte
rayſe by chyldꝛen vnto Abra-
ham / Neyther can my ſynnes
be impediment vnto the yf þ
wylte do thys, but rather where
ſynne is ſo aboundaunt/there

D.L.

aboundeth

An expolicyn

aboundeth grace Paule yet
bzyethynge out thzeatnynges
and slaughter a gaynst the dis-
cyples of the lord receyued cō-
myssyons that yf he foude any
whether they were men or wo-
men whiche folowed the and
professed thy fapth / he shulde
bzyngethe prisoners to Hieru-
salem. And forthe was he go-
ynge lyke a made harebzyne
and as a rauenynge wolfe / for
to straye abzode / rauynhe and
kylle thy shepe. But whyles he
was yet in his iourney euen in
the heate of his persecucion / &
in actuall doyng of his synne
whyles he was persecutynge
the and wolde haue slayne thy
chosen / hauynge no maner of
preparatyua vnto grace / ney-
ther yet knowlege of hys synne,
whan with herte and wylle he
was thynne aduersary / blasphe-
med and cursed the. Beholde
the voyce of thy merciable py-
tye vnto hym sayeng. Saul
Saul why psecutest thou me: by
the whiche voyce he was im-
mediatly bothe layed alonge
and rayled vp: he was layde
alonge & ouerthrowen as con-
cerninge his body, but he was

bypon the. iij. Psal.

rayled vp with þe mynde / thou
rayledest hym vp þe was in the
sleepe of darcke ignozacy and
pouredest in thy glozious lyght
in those eyes whiche were op-
pressed with this blinde slepe þe
shewedest him thy fauourable
face and endued hym with thy
gracious mercy. Thā was he
rayled as it had bene frō deth /
he opened his eyes / he sawe þe
and sayd lord what wylt thou
that I do: & after dydest thou
sende a shepe to this wolfe, for
thou commaundest Ananias
to go vnto hym. And thā was
he baptised and anone was he
replenished with þe holy ghost
and was made a chosen vessel
to beare thy name befoze kyn-
ges / nacyons & the chylder of
Israel. And with out delaye
he entred into þe synagoges &
preached thy name stoutly, af-
fermyng þe thou art Chyste.
He dysputed / preuayled and
cōfounded the Jewes. Beholde
Lorde euen strenght of a per-
secutour / þe madest hym a prea-
cher and suche a preacher that
laboured moze than al þe other
Apostles. O how great is thy
power yf þe wylte of a wycked
man

An expositioun

man make a ryghtwys / or of
a persecutour a preacher / who
shall forbide the: who shall re-
syste the: who may say vnto þe,
why dost thou so: All thynges
that thou woldest haue þe made
in heuē and in erthe / in the see
and in all bottomlesse depthe.
Therefore impute it nat to ar-
rogācye if I coueyte throughe
thy power and nat throughe
myne owne to teache the wyck-
ked thy wayes / for I knowe þe
I can offre nothyng whiche
cā be so acceptable in thy god-
ly syght / this is the most plea-
saunt sacryfyce / and also for
my synguler ppyte / nowe yf þe
chaunge me into a nother mā /
than wyl I teache the wycked
thy wayes nat the wayes of.
Plato and Aristotle / nat the
intricate & sottle propolycyons
of mānes wytte / nat þe instruc-
tyons of phylosophye, nat the
paynted wordes & vayne co-
lours of þe rethoricians. Nat
worldly maters and polycyes,
nat vufutful wayes of vanti-
te / nat wayes that leade men
into dethe. But thy wayes and
thy preceptis whiche leade vnto
lyfe / neyther wyl I teache the

bypon the. li. Psal.

onely one way but many wayes
for many are thy commaunde-
mentis / howe be it all these
wayes do ende in one / þe is to
saye / in loue and charite wch-
che doth so cōbynde the fayth-
full hertes / that they haue one
mynde and one wyl in god. Or
elles may we vnderstande by
thy many wayes / the dyuers
maner of liuing, wherin euery
man walketh accordyng to
his vocacyon: some marped /
some luyuge chaste in wedo-
whode / some birgyns and so
forth / these walke after diuers
wayes into theyr heuēly enhe-
ritaūce / euery mā chosyng one
in þe which he may best subdue
his rebellious mēbers. Thus
wyl I teache the wycked thy
wayes accordyng to theyr ca-
pacyte & condicion. And þe vn-
godly shalbe cōuerted vnto þe /
for I wyl preache vnto the nat
my selfe but Christe crucified:
and they shalbe cōuerted nat
vnto my prayse / but vnto the /
guyng the al honour & pray-
se / they shal leue theyr owne
wayes & come vnto thine, that
they maye walke in the and so
cōsequently attayne vnto the.

D. ij. Delyuer

An exposticion.

Delyuer me from blodes (oh god) the god of my helthe, and my tongue shal triumphe vpon thy ryght wysnes.

I am styled in much blode and from the depthe of it shall I crye vnto the lord / Lord hearken vnto my voyce. Carry nat lord for I am euen at the very poynt of death / thy blode that I speake of are my synnes / for as the bodely lyfe consisteth in bloude / euē so is the lyfe of a synner in his synne: powze out the blode / and the beast dyeth: powze out the sin knowlegynge it vnto god, and the synner dyeth and is made rightwys. Nether am I wraped in blod: but ouerwhelmed & drowned in blodes, full streames of blodes do dyscuss me in to hell / helpe me lord lest I perishe. Oh god which gouernest all thynges / which onely canst deliuer me in whose hand is the spirite of all lyfe / ryd & purge me from these blodes. Delyuer me fro blodes (o god) the auctor of my helthe. God in whome onely consisteth my saluacion. Delyuer me lord / as thou delyueredst Noe fro

vpon the. li. psal.

the waters of the floude. Delyuer me as thou delyueredst Lotte fro the fyre of Sodome. Delyuete me as thou delyueredst the chyldren of Israel fro the depthe of the red see. Delyuer me as thou delyuedest Jonas from the bely of the whale. Delyuer me as thou delyuerdest the thye chyldren from the furnace of burnynge fyre. Delyuer me as thou delyueredest Peter from the peril of the see. Delyuer me as thou delyueredest Paule fro the depthe of the see. Delyuer me as thou hast delyuered infinite synners from the power of death and from the gates of hell. And than shall my tongue triumphe thy ryght wysnes, that is, for thy ryght wysnes which I shall seale & perseyue in me throughe thy gracious fauour. For thy ryght wysnes (as the apostle sayth Ro. iij.) cometh by the fauour of Iesus Christe vnto all and vpon all them that beleue in hym / than shall my tongue triumphe in praysynge this thy ryght wysnes commendynge thy fauour / magnyfieng thy pitie, knowlegynge

An expoficion

vpon the .li. Pſal.

legynge my ſynnes / that thy
mercy maye be declared in me
whiche wolde vouchſafe to
iuſtifie ſuche a great ſynner/
and that all men may knowe
thou ſauelt them which truſte
in the and delyuerelt them fro
extreme anguiſhe and aduer-
ſitie Oh Loꝛde our God.

Loꝛde open thou my lippes:
and than my mouth ſhal ſhe-
we foꝛthe thy prayſe.

¶ Thy prayſe is a great thig
Oh Loꝛde/foꝛ it procedeth out
of thy fountayne wherof no
ſynner dꝛynketh. It is no glo-
rious prayſe that cometh of a
ſynners mouth / delyuer me
therfoꝛe from blode (oh Loꝛde)
that god of my helthe and my
tongue ſhal magnifi thy right
wyſenes. And than ſhalt thou
loꝛde open my lippes and my
mouth ſhall ſhewe foꝛthe thy
prayſe/foꝛ thou haſte the keye
of Dauid whiche thoueſt and
no man openeth / and openeſt
and no man ſhoueth / therfoꝛe
open thou my lippes as thou
openeſt the mouthes of infaũ-
tes and ſuckelynges / out of
whoſe mouthes thou haſt ſta-
bliſhed thy prayſe. Theſe true

ly were thy prophetes, apoſtles,
and other ſaintes which haue
prayed the with a ſynge and
pure hert and mouthe and nat
the phyloſophers & oratours
which haue ſayd/we wyl mag-
nifie our tongue / our lippes
be in our owne power / who is
our god? They opened theyꝝ
owne mouthes, and thou ope-
neſt the nat, neyther yet ſta-
bliſhedest thy prayſe out of
theyꝝ mouthes. Thy infaũtes
loꝛde prayed the and deſpised
the ſelues. The phyloſophers
went aboute to prayſe them ſel-
ues and magnifie theyꝝ owne
name. Thy ſuckelynges extol-
led thy fame and gloꝛye which
they knewe thꝛoughe heuenly
fauoure. The phyloſophers
knowynge the onely by natu-
rall creatures, coulde neuer
pſytlye expreſſe thy renowne.
Thy ſayntes magnified the
with theyꝝ herte, mouthe and
good woꝛk. The philoſophers
onely with wordes and theyꝝ
owne ſotle ymaginactons, thy
children haue ſpꝛed thy gloꝛye
thꝛoughout al the world. The
phyloſophers haue inſtructe
but a fewe of theyꝝ owne adhe-

An exposition

rentes. Thy frendes with spe
dyng thy glorie haue conuer
ted innumerable me fro synne
vnto vertu and vnto true feli
cite. The phylosophers ney
ther knewe true vertues ney
ther yet true felicitye. Thy wel
beloued haue preached openly
thy bounteous gentlenes and
merciabie fauour, which thou
shewedest in thy deare sonne
vnto all the worlde. But the
philosophers coulde neuer at
tayne to knowe it. Therfore
out of the mouthe of infants
and suckelinges hast thou stably
shed thy praise, for it hath euer
pleased thee to exalte the humble &
brynge lowe the proude nowe
seyng thou doste euer resyst the
proude / gyue me true humili
te & thou mayst stably she thy
praise by my mouth. Gyue me
a chyldes herte / for excepte I
turne backe and become as a
chylde I can nat enter into the
kyngdome of heuen / make me
as one of thy infants or suc
kelinges / & I may euer hange
on the teates of thy wysdome
for thy teates are better than
wyne / and thy wysdome bet
ter than all ryches / so that no

Upon the .li. Psal.

thyng can be copared vnto it,
for it is to me an infinite trea
sure which they & vse are made
partakers of & frendes hye of
god / therfore if thou make me
a chylde thou shalt & stably she
thy praise in my mouthe, for
thou shalt thou open my lyp
pes & my mouthe shall shewe
for the thy please & shall partly
declare it euē as thou hast
publyshed it by the mouthe of
thyne infants & suckelings
If thou haddest despised sacri
fices I had surely offered the
but thou delyghtedest nat in
brente sacrifices.

My mouthe Lord shall she
we for the thy glorious fame /
for I knowe that this thyng
is moste acceptable to thee lyke
thou sayest by the prophete.
Psal. xlix. the sacrifice of pray
se shall glorifie me / and by that
meanes shall I be entised to
shewe hym my sauynge helth /
therfore wyl I offer praise vn
to the euen & praise of infants
& suckelinges for my synne
And why shall I offer for my
synnes rather praise the than
sacrifice / for if I haddest desy
red sacrifices I had surely of
fred

An expositioun

fred the, but þe delyghtest nat
in byente sacrifices, canst þe be
pacified with þe blode of calves
or goates? Wylt þe eate þe fleshe
of bulles, or drynke þe blode of
goates? Other dost thou desyre
golde whiche possessyt heuen
and earthe: other wylt þe that
I sacrifice my body vnto the
whiche desyrest nat the deth of
a synner, but rather þe he were
couerted & lyue? Neuertheles
I wyl chasten my fleshe in a
measure þe throughe thy grace
it may be subdued vnto reaso
and obey it, for in this poynte
also yf I passe measure & bryg
my body so lowe þe it is apte to
serue my neyghbour and to do
that office whiche is apoynted
me of god, it shalbe imputed
vnto me for synne. Let youre
seruyng of god be reasonable
sayeth þe apostle Ro. xij. And þe
hast sayd also by the prophete.
I requyre mercy & nat sacrifici-
ce Osee. vi. Therfore shall my
mouthe shewe forth thy pray-
se/for this oblacyon dothe ho-
nour the, and sheweth vs the
way vnto thy sauynge helthe
My herte is redy (oh god) my
hert is redy, it is redy throughe
thy grace to do al thyngs whi-

pon the. li. Psal.

che are pleasaunt vnto þe: this
one thyng haue I foude most
acceptable vnto the, that wyl
I offer vnto the, that shal euer
be in my herte, on that shal my
lyppes euer be harpyng, yf þe
haddest desyred a bodely sacry-
fyce I wolde surely haue gyue
it the, for my herte is redy
throughe thy grace to fulfyll
thy wyl: but in suche byente sa-
crifice hast thou no delyght, þe
madest the body for the spyrite
therfore sekest thou spirituall
thynges and nat bodely, for þe
sayest in a certayne place. Pro-
uerbeoz. xxiii. My sone gyue
thyne herte vnto me/this is þe
hert þe pleasest þe. Let vs offer
vnto þe an hert repetyng with
sorrowe of our synnes & enfla-
med with the loue of heuenly
thynges & than wylt thou de-
syre no more / for with suche a
sacrifice wylt thou be content.
A sacrifice to god is a broken
spirite: a cōtrite & hūble herte
thou shalt nat despise (oh god)
A brokē spirite and nat bro-
ken fleshe pleasest the (o lord)
for the fleshe is brokē & vered
because he hath nat the carnal
thyngs that he desyareth, or els
sealeth

An expositioun

tealeth in hym selfe such thynges as he hateth. But the spirite is broken and vnquieted for his faute/ because he hath offended agaynst god whome he loueth. He soroweth that he hath synned agaynst his maker and redemer, that he hath despyed his blode, that he hath nat regarded such a good and louynge father: this broken & sorowynge spirite is vnto the a sacrifice of moste swete fauour which nat withstādyng hath his confeccyon of moste bytter spyes / euen of the remembraunce of our synnes, for whyles our synnes are gathered togyther into the mortar of the herte / and beaten with the pestle of cōpuncyon / and made into poudre and watered with teares / therof is made an oyntment and sacrifice moste swete with redolent offryng thou wylt nat despyce, for thou wylt nat despyce a contryte & humble hert. Therfore he that breaketh his stony hert which is made with the moste harde stones offynne / that he maye therof pzeare an oyntemente of repentaunce in aboundaunce

vpon the. li. Psal.

of teares / nat despayryng of of the multitude and of the greuousnes of hys synnes / but humble offerynge (oh Lorde) this sacrifice vnto the: he shall in no wyse be despyled of the, for a broke and humble hert wylt thou nat despyce oh god. Mary Magdalyne which was a notable synner made suche an oyntement: and put it in the allablastre box of her herte: she feared nat to entre into þe pharisees house, she humbled her selfe flatte befoze thy fete, she was nat ashamed to wepe at thy meletyde, she coulde nat speake for inwarde sorowe, but her herte melted into teares, with the which she washed thy fete, she wyped them with her here immediatly, yē & anoynted them with oyntement and ceased nat kyssynge the. who euer sawe such a nother thyng yē or who hath euer harde of a thyng lyke vnto this: Surely her sacrifice pleased the well, and was so acceptable þat thou preferredst it aboue the pharise whiche in hys owne syght was rightwylse for it may be gathered of thy word. Lu.

An expositioun.

blis. that there was so moch difference betwene the ryhgtyfnes of Mary and the pharise as there was differēce betwene these: to washe þe fete with water, and to washe the with teares: to kysse one on þe face, & nat to cease to kysse the fete: to anoynt the heed with oyle, and to anoynt the fete: with moste precyous opntemēt: þe moche moze precelled the þe pharise, for he neyther gaue the water, kysse nor oyle. O great is thy power Lorde, greate is thy myght which declareth it selfe most chedly in sparyng and havinge compassyon. Nowe se I well þa contryte and meke hert thou shalt nat despyse oh lorde. And therfore endeuoure I my selfe to offre such an hert vnto þe. Neyther is it ynoughe that I saye so outwardely, for thou art a god which searcest our hertes & raynes. Accepte therfore this my sacrifice: and yf it be vnperfyte/amēde thou the defaute whiche onely arte of power þe to do: that it maye be a byent sacrifice/all hole enflamed with the heate of thy bounteous charite þe it maye be

Upon the. li. Psal.

acceptable vnto the / or at the least that thou despyse it nat / for yf thou despyse it nat / I knowe wel that I shall fynde fauour befoze the and thā shall none of thy sayntes other in heuen or erthe dispyce me.

Deale gently of thy fauourable beneuolence with Syon And let the walles of Hierusalem be bylde agayne.

¶ Because it is wrytten Psal. xliij. vnto the holy man thou shalt be holy / and with the innocent shalt thou deale innocently, with the pure and chosen shalt thou do purelye / and with the wycked shalt thou playe ouerwarte: I am verye despyrous that al men were saued / and that they shulde come vnto þe knowlege of the truth which thyng were very necesarie for them and also for my profyte / for by theyr prayers, exortatyons and examples I myght ryse frō thys fylthy sinne and be prouoked dayly to procede vnto better. I beseeche the therfore Oh Lorde althoughe I be a synner, that thou of thy fauourable beneuolence woldest deall gentlye with Syon:

C. i.

that

An exposition

Upon the.ij. Psal.

that the walles of Hierusalem myghte be hylte agayne. **Syō** is thy churche / for **Syon** by interpretacyon sygnifyeth a toothyl, or a place where a mā may se farre aboute hym. And euen so thy churche throughe the grace of the holy ghost be- holdeth a farre of the glozy of god accoꝝdyng to the capacite of this lyfe / and therfoze sayde the Apostle. ij. Coꝝrnyth. iij. al we with an vncouered face be- holdyng as in a glasse þ glozy of the loꝝde / after the same y- mage are transfoꝝmed from gloꝝpe to gloꝝpe as by þ spirite of the loꝝde. Loꝝde god howe small is thy Churche at this daye: almoste the hole woꝝlde is fallen frō the, for there are many mo myscreantes than chꝝyſten, and yet amonge the chꝝyſten howe many are there whiche foꝝlake woꝝdly thyngs and seke the glozy of the loꝝde, surely ye shal fynde very fewe, in comparyson of them which are adicte to woꝝdly thynges whose god is they; bely and glozy to they; shame and confuſyon. Deale gently loꝝde of thy fauꝝoable beniuolēce with

Syon þ it maye be encreased bothe in multitude and also in good lyuyng. Beholde from heuen & deale gently as thou arte wont to do: þ thou wylte sende amonge vs the ſpyꝛ of thy charite / whiche may consume all our synnes. Deale loꝝde accoꝝdyng to thy fauou- rable beneuolence and do nat with vs after our deseryng, neyther yeld thou vs agayne accoꝝdyng to our iniquities / but oꝝder vs accoꝝdyng to thy great mercy. Thou arte loꝝde our father and redemer / þ art our hope & euerlaſtyng helth. Euery man despyꝛeth goodnes of the / yf thou gyue it thē, thā shall they gather it: yf þ open thy hand al shal be fylled with plenty / whan þ turnest a waye thy face, thā are they aſtonyed whan thou gatherest in they; bzethe than are they dead and retorne into erth. And agayne whā thou bzethedest on them, than are they created anewe: & thus renewest thou the face of the erthe. Psal. C. iij. Loꝝde I praye þ what profyte is there in the dāpnacyon of so many thousande mē: Hell is fylled & thy

An expositioun

thy church doth daily increase
 Arise lord why sleepest thou so
 longe? Arise & differ nat vnto
 the ende Deale gently of thy
 fauourable beniuolence with
 Syon/ & the walles of Hierusalem
 may be builded agayne/ what
 is Hierusalem (which by inter
 pretacyon signifieth & by syon
 of peace) but & holy congregacy
 on & cytye of the blessyd which
 is our mother Her walles we-
 re decayed whā Lucifer with
 his aūgels fel/ into whose pla-
 ces are & ryghtwysē mē recey-
 ued. Deale therfore gently
 (Oh lord) with Syon/ that &
 nūber of thy chosen may shortly
 be fulfilled/ & that the wal-
 les of Hierusalem may be ede-
 fied and synnyshed with newe
 stones which shall euer prayse
 the and endure euerlastyngly.
 Ther shalte thou accepte the
 sacryfice of ryghtwysenes/ o-
 blacions and byent offrynges
 than shall they lay vpon thyne
 altare wanton calues.
 Whā thou hast delte gently
 of thy fauourable wyl and be-
 niuolence with Syon/ than
 shalt thou accepte the sacrifice
 of ryghtwysnes, for thou shalt

vpon the. li. Psal.

consume it with burnyng fyre
 of thy lone and charite/ and so
 acceptedest thou the sacrifices
 of Moyses & Helias. And thā
 acceptedest thou the sacrifices of
 ryghtwysnes/ whan thou fast-
 tenest with thy grace & soules
 which endeuoure them selues
 to lyue ryghtwysly. what pro-
 fyteth to offer sacryfices vnto
 the whan thou accepteest them
 nat oh Lord? Howe many sa-
 crifices offer we nowe a dayes
 whiche are nat pleasaūt vnto
 the but rather abhomynable?
 for we offre nat & sacryfices of
 ryghtwysenes/ but our owne
 ceremonies: and therfore are
 they nat accepted, nor regar-
 ded of the. Where is nowe the
 glozpe of & apostles? Where is
 the valyaunt perseueraūce of
 martyrs, Where is & fruyte of
 preachers? Where is that holy
 symelycrite of them & bled to
 lyue solitarie? where are nowe
 the vertues and workes of the
 chrysten which were in olde ty-
 me? Than shalte thou excepte
 they? sacryfices/ whan thou
 shalt deke and garnysh them
 with thy grace and vertues.

C. li.

Also

An expolicpon.

Also yf thou deale gently with Syn of thy fauourable beneuolence, than shalte thou delyghte in sacrifices of ryght wysenes / for the people shall begynne to lyue well, to kepe thy commaundemētes and to deale iustly & so shall thy people be endued with thy benefytes and blessinge. Than shall the oblations of the prestes & of the clergie be acceptable vnto y, for they shall forsake theyr carnall affection & endeuoure them selues vnto a moze perfect lyfe / and so shall the opntemēt of thy blessing descende vpon theyr heades. Thā shall the brente offerynges of the relygious be pleasaūt to the / for they shall cast out al drouly fluggynnes and false confydence, and be holy enflamed & made parfyte with y burnyng fyr of goddes loue. Thā shall the byshoppes and preachers put calues vpon thyne altare, for after they are consummate in all kynde of vertues replenished with y holy spirite they shall nat feare to gyue theyr lyues for theyr shepe. What is thyne altare swete Iesu / but

vpon the. iij. Psal.

thy crosse wherupō thou wast offered: what signifieth a wāton calfe, but our body: Therfore / than shall they put calues on thyne aultare / whan they shall offer theyr owne bodies to y crosse / that is, vnto all afflictions and euen vnto y very deathe for thy names sake.

Than shall the churche flourish & dilate her costes, than shall thy prayse be noysed from the last ende of the worlde / thā shall ioye and gladnes fulfyll the hole worlde. Than shall thy sayntes reioyce in gloze & shall make myrth in theyr mācyons waytynge for vs in the lande of the lyuynge. Accomplyshe in me euen nowe Lorde that thā / which I so oft name that thou mayst haue cōpassiō on me accordyng to thy great mercy / y thou mayste receyue me for a sacrifice of ryghtwynnes for a holy oblacyon: for a brent sacrifice of good lyuynge and for a calfe to be offered on thyne altare o: crosse / by the whiche I may passe from this vale of miserye vnto that ioye whiche thou hast prepared for them that loue the.

C A M E N,

C: A medita

cyon of the same Jerom

bpō the Psalme of Inthe Do-
mine speraui / which pre-
uentyd by death he
coude nat fy-
nische.

Heuynes hathe be-
syged me, with a
great and stronge
host she hath enclo-
sed me, she hath op-
pessed my herte with clamours
and ceaseth nat with weapōs
nyght & daye to fyght agaynst
me. My frendes be in her ten-
tes & are become myne enne-
mies. What so euer I se what
so euer I heare bynge p ban-
ners of heuynes, the memo-
rie of my frendes maketh me sad
the recorde of my chyldren
greueth me, the consyderynge
of my cloister and celle bereth
me, the reuoluyng of my stu-
dyes maketh me pensyfe, the
thynkynge of my synnes op-
pesseth me. For lyke as to the
whiche be sycke of the axesse al
swete thynges seme bytter, so
to me all thynges be turned in

bpō the xxx. Psal.

to sorowe and heuynes. Un-
doutedly a great burden bpō
the herte is this heuynes. The
venyme of serpentes a deadly
pestilence grudgyth agaynst
god, ceaseth nat to blaspheme
and exhorteth to desperacyon.
O unhappy man p I am who
shall delyuer me from her cur-
sed hand? Psal p I se & heare
folowe her banners & strongly
fyght agaynst me, who shall be
my protectour? who shall hel-
pe me? whether shall I go whe-
ther shall I flee? I wote what
I shall do, I wyl turne me to
thynges inuisible and bynge
them agaynst the visibill. And
who shall be p guyde of so highe
and terrible an host, hope whi-
che is of thynges inuisible.
Hope I say shall come agaynst
heuynes and baynquy she her.
Who can stāde agaynst hope.
Heare what the pphete sayth
Thou arte (Lorde) my hope, p
hast set thy refuge most hyghe
who shall stande agaynst the
Lorde who can wyne hys
tower of refuge which is most
hyghe? wherfore I wyl cal her
douteles she wyl come, nor she
wyl nat confoude me, lo nowe
C. iij. she

A meditacyon

bpou the. xxx. Psal.

He cometh, he hath brought gladnes, he hath taught me to fyght & he sayd to me. Crye cease nat. And I sayde what shal I crye/saye, & he boldly and with all thy hole herte. In the Lorde I haue trusted I shall nat be confounded for euer moze, and in thy iustice de lyuer me.

O the wonderfull power of hope whose face heuynes can nat abyde. Nowe cometh comforte. Let heuynes crye now and struggle agaynst me with her arme. Let þe worlde thurst owne, let þe enemyes make in surreccyon, I feare nothyng for I trust (lorde) in þe, for thou art my hope, for thou hast put thy refuge most hygge, I haue all redy enteryd it, hope hath led me in, I my selfe etred nat vnshamefastly, he shal excuse me before the. Behold, & hope O man the most hygge refuge of god, open thyne eyes, God is alone he onely is an infinite see of substaunce. Other thynges be so, as though they were nat. For al thynges depende of him, and onles he susteyned them, they shulde sodely retur-

ne to naught for of naught were they made. Cōsyder that power of hym, which in the begynnyng created heuen and erthe. Dothe nat he worke all thynges in all men. Who can moue his hand without hym, who can thynke any thyng of hym selfe? Wonder his wysdome which in trāquillite gouerneth all, for he seeth al, & to his eyes all thynges be naked & open. This is he whiche onely knoweth howe to delyuer the, and only can comforte and saue the. Do nat truste in the chyldren of men in whome is no saluacyon. The herte of men is in his power, whether so euer he lusteth, he wyl turne it. This is he whiche can and knoweth the waye to helpe þe. Whether haply doste thou suspecte his wyl? Wonder his goodnes, cōsyder his tender loue. Is nat he the louer of men whiche for men became man and for synners was crucifyed? this is thy true father whiche created the, whiche redemed the, whiche dothe good to the whether can the father forlake his sōne. Caste thy selfe on hym, and he wyl

A meditacyon

Wyll take the vp and saue the,
 serche the scriptures and thou
 shalt fynde howe his great ten-
 der loue moueth the to trust in
 hym. And why dothe he that
 verely bycause he coueteth to
 saue. For what sayth he by the
 prophete Bycause he trusted
 in me I wyll delyuer hym. Lo
 for none other cause he wyll
 delyuer hym but by cause he
 trusted in hi. And what other
 thyng hath the prophetes,
 the apostles, ye the Lorde him-
 selfe of the apostles preached,
 but that men shulde trust in
 the Lorde? Sacrifice therfore (ye
 me) the sacrifice of iustice and
 truste in the Lorde, and he shal
 delyuer you, and plucke you
 out of all tribulacyon. O ye
 greate vertue of hope, truly
 she is spredde abroad. For grace
 is powred into thy lypes. O
 thy true refuge so hyghe
 (good Lorde) to which the euyl
 of heynes can nat appoche.
 These I knewe & vnderstode
 therfore I trusted Lorde in the
 For though þe weyght of sinne
 doth greuously presse me, yet I
 can nat dispayre, for thy good-
 nes so gentely prouoked me to

Vpon the. xxx. Psal.

hope, that I can nat be con-
 founded for euermore. For a
 tyme, I may wel be confoun-
 ded, but euermore surely I can
 nat. For hope whiche hath
 lede me in to thy moste hyghe
 refuge hath taught me to
 hope and that nat in temporal
 thynges, but euerlastyng. For
 hope is of thynges inuisible.
 But tho thynges that be sene,
 are temporal. And the thyng-
 es that be nat sene are euer-
 lastyng. Wherfore I hea-
 ryng þe wordes of hope which
 cometh to plucke me out from
 the handes of heynes, haue tru-
 sted Lorde in the, couetyng be-
 fore all thyngs to be delyuered
 from my synnes, and through-
 out thy mercy & grace to come to
 thynges euerlastyng which be
 inuisible. This is my fyrste &
 chiefe desyre, for my synnes be
 a great tribulacyon vnto me.
 For fro it all other tribulacyon
 issueth. Take awaye Lorde my
 synnes & I am free fro all tri-
 bulation. For tribulacion and
 pensyfnnes of minde procede fro
 þe fountayne of þe hert. For eue-
 ry heynes cometh of loue.
 If I loue my sonne & he dyeth
 I am

A meditacyon

I am troubled bicause I haue
lost that I loued, if I loue nat
my seruaunt & he dyeth, I am
nat heuy, bycause I haue loste
that I loued nat. Take away
therfore lord my syfis through
thy grace, what remayneth
but that I shall loue the with
all my hole herte and despyse
all tēporal thynges as bayne.
If than I haue the by fayth,
of whome also I hope & whi-
che neyther eye hathe sene noz
eare hathe harde noz hath nat
ascended into the herte of man
what thyng can trouble me?
That whiche I haue loste be-
syde god. I haue loste that I
loue nat. In the lord I haue
trusted lyke as my hope hathe
taught me truste, therfore I
shal nat be confounded for euer
for thou shalte gyue me euer-
lastyng thynges. Who tru-
steth nat in the but in hys owne
vanitie shalbe confounded for
euermore. For he shall descēde
to eternall confusyon. I may
be cōfounded tēporally bothe
of the & of all men but I shall
nat be confounded for euermore
For of & I may be confounded
whyle I desyre to be deliuered

bypon the. xxx. Psal.

from tempozall veracyon and
paraduenture thou wylt nat
heare me, truely thā I am con-
founded tempozally, but nat for
euermore. For it is nat expedi-
ent, syth that vertue is made
perfyte in infirmite. And of mē
I am tempozally confounded
and they preuaile agaynst me
whan they pursue me. But ths
also thou suffrest them to do,
that I shulde nat be confounded
for euermore. Wherfore yf be-
fore the a thousaunde yeres be
but as it were yesterdaye whi-
che is passed a waye I wyl
gladly suffre tempozall con-
fusions that I be nat confoun-
ded for euermore, I wyl trust
in & lord, for hope hath taught
me to truste, & shortly I shall
be delyuered from all tribula-
cyon. By what metytes shall
I be delyuered? Nat by myne
lord, but by thy iustice delyuer
me. By thy iustice I saye nat
by myne. I seke mercy, I offer
nat my iustice. But yf by thy
grace & wylt make me ryght-
wyle, nowe I haue thy iustice
For thy grace i vs is thy right
wysenes. The pharisees tru-
sted in woꝝkes of iustice, they
trusted

A meditacyon

trusted in theyr owne iustice, & therfore they were nat subiecte to the iustice of god, for of the woꝝkes of þe lawe shal no creature be iustified with the. But the iustice of god appereth by the grace of Iesu Christe ye without the woꝝkes of þe lawe. The Philosphers glozied in theyr iustice, and therfore they founde nat thy iustice, bycause they entred nat in by the doꝝre. They were theues & robbers, which came nat to saue but to destroye & slee þe shepe. Wherefore thy grace is thy iustice loꝝde, & it were no longer grace yf it were gꝝuē of þe merites. Wherefore nat in my iustice but in thy iustice delyuer me from my synnes. O surely delyuer me in thy ryght wysenes, that is to wyte in thy sonne which onely amongst men is foude iust. What is thy sonne but the very iustice in which men be iustified? wherefore in thy iustice iustifie me & delyuer me fro my synnes þe I may be also delyuered from other afflictions which suffer therfore, so þe cause taken awaye, the effecte

upon the. xxx. Psal.

myght be also taken awaye. Lo, the Loꝝde I haue besought, and I am conuerted, hope hath taught me, I am replenished with ioy bycause I trust in the, therfore I shal nat be cōfounded for euer moze. Heuyenes cometh againe with greate puruepaunce she is returned, with swerdes & speres on euery syde she is defended, with great violence she walkeþ, she hath beseged our citie. The crye of her hoꝝsemē hath feared me. Stādyng without she commaunded sylēce and a farre of, she spake sayng. O, q she, lo he that trusted in þe loꝝde which sayde I shal nat be confounded for ener moze, which hath folowed hope is comforted. And whan she perceyued me at these woꝝdes to waxe ashamed, appching me nyghe she sayde. Where be the promysse of thy hope? where is the comforter? where is þe delyuerance? what haue thy teares profyteth the? what haue thy prayers brought the from heuen? Thou hast cryed, and no man haue answered the, þe hast wepte, and no man haue

A meditacyon

upon the .xxx. Psal.

bene moued with pytpe vpon
 the. Thou haste called vpon
 thy god and he holdeth his pea-
 ce thou haste desyred the helpe
 of the sayntes and none of the
 hath regarded the. Lo, what
 poyntes haue the wordes of
 hope brought the. Thou haste
 laboured and thou fyndest no-
 thyng in thy handes. Thyn-
 kest thou that god regardeth
 the inhabytauntes of the erthe
 Nay he walketh about the ly-
 myttes of heuen and consyde-
 reth nat our matters. Thus
 the blasphemynge spake. And
 whan I shoke for feare at her
 wordes, appocheynge she spa-
 ke in my ear saynge. Crowest
 thou tho thyngs be trewe that
 sayth she weth & wylte thou se
 that they be but mennes phan-
 tasyes & Thou shalte knowe
 here by, for yf god became ma-
 (as they say) and was crucy-
 fied for me, could nat so great
 a loue comforte man whiche
 is brought in so great distresse
 cryeng vnto hym & wepyng.
 If (as they say) infinite good-
 nes caused him to come downe
 from heuen to take vpon hym
 the crosse, howe shulde he nat
 now come downe to mysera-

ble men that he myght comforte
 them? Surely this is more
 easy and with lyke loue ought
 to be holpen. Why do nat the
 aungels and sayntes yf they be
 so petyfull, come to comforte
 the? howe many men trowest
 thou wolde yf they myght co-
 me to the, and with theyr wor-
 des and workes (as moche as
 they myght) wolde comforte
 the whiche wolde also deliuer
 the from all veracyon? Why
 do nat the sayntes this whiche
 are taught better than men?
 Beleue me all thinges are go-
 uerned by casualite. There be
 no thynges but tho that be se-
 ne, your spirite shall banyshe
 awaye lyke smoke. Who euer
 came agayne fro hell or heuen
 and tolde vs such thynges as
 they do chaunce to soules af-
 ter this lyfe. These are but fa-
 bles of folye women. Arise
 therfore, and flee to the helpes
 of men that losened from prisō
 thou mayste lyue in pleasure &
 nat deceyued falsly of this thy
 hope al wayes be in paine and
 trouble. These thyngs sayd, so
 great crye was herde in her te-
 tes, so great dēne of p harnes,
 and

A meditacyon

and noyle of the trompes that
bnneth I coude stande on my
fete . And yf my welbeloued
hope had nat the soner holpen
heuynes had lede me bounde
with chernes to her region .

Wherfore hope cāe shyning
with a certayne diuine byght-
nes, a simplyng sayde . O sou-
dier of Chyist, what hert what
mynde hast thou in this batel
whiche I hearynge forth with
was ashamed . And she sayde,
feart thou nat, th^s euyl shal nat
take the, thou shalt nat perishe
lo I am with þ to delyuer the.
knowest þ nat that it is writte
The onwyle man sayde in his
hert, there is no god. This he-
uynes hath spoken lyke one of
the folp^e the women. Can she p-
suade the that there is no god
or that god hath nat þ prouy-
dence of all thynges? Canste þ
doute of fayth whiche with so
many argumentes & reasons
hast confyrmmed it? I wonder þ
thou art so felled to the groude
at her wordes. Tel me, I pray
the, whether begānest thou to
dout in thy hert of fayth? The
lozde lyueth & my soule lyueth
O my moste swete mother, for
I haue felt neuer so litle prike

bpon the. xxx. Psal.

of infidelite, for by the grace of
Chyiste I beleue no lesse tho
thynges to be trewe whiche be
apertaynyng to fayth thā tho
thynges whiche I beholde wth
my bodely eyes. But heuynes
so pressed me þ rather I shulde
haue ben brough to desperacy
on than to infidelitie . Sonne
thou knowest þ this is a great
gyfte of God , for fayth is the
gyfte of god , nat of workes þ
no mā shulde gloze. wherfore
arple and feare nat, but rather
knowe her by þ the lozde hathe
nat forlakē þ, which although
he heareth nat forth the with , ye
ought nat despayre. If he ma-
ke taryauce, abyde him, for cō-
myng he wyl come & wyl nat
tary. The ploughmā abydeth
pacētly þ frute in þ due tyme
Nature nat forth with putteth
on the forme , but fyrst she pre-
pareth the mater & disposeth
it by lytle & lytle vntyl she ma-
keth it apte to receyue þ shepe
of the thinge to be created. Yet
knowe thou that the Lozde al-
wayes heateth hym þ prayeth
deuoutly and mekely, for they
neyther departe voyde frō him
Nor I wyl nat labour to pue
F. ij. this

A meditacyon

this with reasōs, because thou
felest it in thy selfe. Tell me,
who lysted vp thy hert in god,
who indused the to pray: who
was it that made the to sorowe
for thy synnes & to wepe: who
gaue the hope: who made the
cherefull in thy prayer and af-
ter thy prayer: and also what
is he that dayly confirmed the
in thy holy purpose: hath he nat
the lord which worketh all
in all men? yf he than gyueth
the continually these gyftes,
why dothe that cursed woman
saye? Where be thy prayers?
Where be thy teares and the
other wordes of blasphemie?
Knowest thou nat that the he-
uēly Hierusalem is distincted
from this terrestiall? knowest
thou nat that it is nat conueni-
ent nor necessarie or profyta-
ble that god or his aungels
shulde descende bysibly to me
and speke famylarly to them?
Firste it is nat conuenient for
howe can lyght and darkenes
agree. Dyuers cytyes haue
cytylens of contrarie and dy-
uers natures. Howe be it to
some for they excellent holy-
nes whan they be almost nere

Upon the. xxx. Psal.

heuen they contre was, gra-
ted to see aungels, and to spe-
ke with them. But a speyall
preuilege belongeth nat to al.
It is nat necessarie, by cause
that syth god dothe inuisible
gouerne vs illuminate and
conforte, nedeth nat to shewe
visibile apparances, howe be
it our lord is so good that also
visibile visions, whan he seyth
nede, he dothe nat omitte. For
what thyng myght he haue
done for our saluacyon & hath
nat done it: fynally it is nat p-
fyttable, for ouer moch familia-
rite engendyeth cōtēpte. For to
Jewes were myracles bothe
great and many, nothyng a-
uayled. For rare be precyous,
wherfoze let the inuisible visi-
tacyon suffice the, for the lord
knoweth what thou hast nede,
hath he nat he confortd the, &
knowe what thou thynkeste
in thy herte. Aryse than and
returne to prayer. Crye, aske,
seke, perceuer for yf he wyl nat
gyue bycause he is the frende
yet for the importunite he wyl
gyue al that be necessarie with
these wordes comforted I a-
rose & prostrate before god, &
proceded

A meditation

proceed in my prayer saynge.
Bowe downe thy eare vnto
me haste the to plucke me out.
Oh Lorde my god to the I
retourne, hope hath sende me
vnto þe I do nat come by myne
owne presumption. Thy good
nes prouoketh me, thy merce
draweth me. Oh howe greate
a bouchesaupng is this? Su-
rely I ioye in my herte, no; I
desyre none other consolacyon
Happy truely is this necessitie
which compelleth me to come
vnto the, whiche constrayneth
me to speake with the, whiche
forceth me to praye. Wherefore
I speake to my god thoughe
I be my selfe but duste and as-
hes bowe to me thy eare, what
sayeth thou? hath the god eares?
Thynkest thou that he is a bo-
dye. No certainly, for speth the
spirite is farre better than the
bodey who wolde say that god
were a body onles he be madde
but stammarynge (as wel as
we may Lorde) we sowe thy
celestyal and most hyghe thin-
ges. We knowe þe by thy crea-
tures, we speake to the and of
the by the symplytudes of the.
Thy eare thā what is it Lorde:

upon the. xxx. Psal.

whether haply is it thy know-
lege: for by the eares we vnder-
stande tho thynges whiche be
spoke vnto vs. Thou knowest
from the begynnynge al thyn-
ges that men speake & thynke
May we than vnderstande by
thy eare thy knowlege. True-
ly thy eare dothe insinuate
somewhat vnto vs whiche is
nat comprehended in the name
of thy symple knowlege. For
vnto some þe bowest thy eare,
vnto some other thou turnest
it awaye. But thy knowlege
alwayes abideth one and also
the same. What other thyng
than is thy eare but the notice
of thy allowance and disalou-
aunce. Thou doste bowe thy
eare and hearest the wordes of
good men bycause they please
the, and thou allowest them.
Contrarye wyle thou turnest
awaye thy eare from the wor-
des of the wycked, bycause
they wyl nat departe fro theyr
wyckednes, therfore the wor-
des please the nat but thou di-
salowest them. What is than
to inclyne thyne eare to them
which speake vnto the: but to
allowe theyr prayers and to be
J. iij. holde

A meditacyon

holde them with the counte-
naunce of pytie and mercy, to
enlyghten and kyndel the that
with a trust and a feruente cha-
ritie they may pray and desyre
the. For thou wylt gyue them
that they aske humbly. For yf
the kynge sheweth to a pooze
man which coueteth to speake
with hym a gladde semblaun-
ce and turneth his eyes vnto
hym shewynge hym selfe redy
to heare the poze mans cause,
wyl nat the poze man be glad:
doth nat the couテナunce and
the attentyfnes of the kynge
cause the pooze man the moze
boldly to speake his mater, &
mynyster wordes and eloque-
ce vnto hym: yea vndowtedly
So lyke wylle (lozde) we percey-
ue the, than to bowe thy eare
to our prayers, whan þ graū-
test ys in our prayers to be fer-
uent in spirite. I beseeche the
therfore (o merciful Lozde and
father) bowe vnto me thyne
eare, allowe (I beseeche the)
my prayer, enlyghten, kyndle
me, & teache me that I ought
to are and desyre, illumynate
and lyfte my herte, that at last
also þ mayst heare my prayer,
haste the (o merciful lozde) to

vpon the. xxx. Psal.

plucke me out, shortly þ dayes,
cut of the tyme. So bowe vn-
to me (o lozde) thyne eare that
shortely I may be herde of the
for vnto the whiche dwellest
for euer in eternite, euer to
laste and contynue, for every
tyme semeth shortly. For eter-
nite comprehendeth all and ex-
cedeth every tyme. But vnto
me (O thou merciful Lozde)
every daye is longe, for tyme
is a numbryng of the mouyng
so that he whiche feleth no
motion, feleth no tyme, but he
that feleth mouynge feleth ty-
me, and he mozte of all feleth
mouyng whiche numbzeth the
partes therof, I therfore whi-
che numbze the dayes and the
houres do mozte of all fele the
tyme, and therfore lyke as vn-
to the, a thousande yeres are
but as yesterdaye that is past,
so vnto me one daye is a thou-
sande yeres which are to come
wherfore hasten the lozde to
plucke me out from synnes &
myne aduersaries. For dethe
hasteneth and in every place
awayteth for me. Hye the lozde
lest perchauce preuented of
it, I haue no space to repen-
taunce

A meditacyon

vpon the xxx. Psal.

taunce. Plucke me out lord from the hande of the malycious, deliuer me from the bondes of sinne, take me from the snare of deathe, leade me out of the depnes of hell, saue me from oppresyon and the harde bōdage of heuynes that my mynde maye ryle by a ioy in the, and that I maye blysse the all the dayes of my lyfe. I thanke the lord by Iesu my sauour, for accor dyng to the multytude of my sorowes in my herte thy confortes haue reioised my soule Wherfore I wyl alwayes trust in the, and I wyl for my parte adde vnto al thy prayse. Thou lord bow thy eare vnto me, hasten the to plucke me out. Alas wrecche that I am, lo agayne heuynes cometh instructed with terrible armours. The banner of Justice goeth befoze her, an innumerable hoost foloweth her fete, eche hathe a spere in his hande, I beholde on euery syde vessels of deathe. Wo be to me I am vndone, with an hygge and horrible voyce she cryeth. O wrecche that same thy hope

hathe deceyued the. Lo thou haste laboured in vayne for þ sayest. Bowe thy eare to me hasten to plucke me out. whether hathe god bowed his ear vnto þ whether is thy prayer herde? where is the deliuerance? where is the conforte, hath god hastened to plucke þ out? yet art thou bounde a prysoner nothyng is altered. If thou beleuest sayth to be true, why dost thou onely nurysh the hope? knowest thou nat that god is iuste? knowest thou nat his iustice? he spared nat his angels, he petied nat thē, noz wyl petye them, but for one onely synne they be condemned for euermore. Adam synned, and the hole mankynde with deth. Thynkest thou that god doth nat as well loue ryght wysnes as mercy. Chylde departing in originall synne shall neuer se the face of god, so rygorous is the iustice of god that for the synne whiche they dyd nat but receyued by nature they shalbe punished with euerlasting payne. For in helle is no redempciō. knowest thou nat that god spareth nat þ offender

Dyd

A meditacion

Dyd he nat destroy in the tyme of Noe almoste al mankynde? Dyd he nat consume with fyre Sodoma and the other cyties adioynynge vnto? Noz the diuine iustice hathe nat so moch as taken compassyon of infantes and innocentes. Howe oft punished he the Iwes offe- dyngge: was nat Hierusalem vtterly destroyed by the handes of Nabugodonosor? Nay: ther he spared hys owne tēple, it was also destroyed of Titus the Emperour of Rome, where the Iwes were so cruelly punysshed, that there is no man that heareth of it but quaketh for feare. But se howe sharpe the iustice of god is, the chyl- dren of the fathers are punysshed euen to this day. Behold the Iwes be slaues and capti- ues in euery place, and dyenge in theyr blyndnes are punished with euerlastynge paynes. Crowest thou the mercye of god is greater thā hys iustice? True ly in god it is neyther greater nor lesse. For what so euer is in god is in his substance. But let vs consyder the woꝝkes of Justice and mercye, and we

Upon the. xxx. Psal.

shall evidently espye that the woꝝkes of iustice do excede the woꝝkes of mercye. God hym selfe is wytnes saynge. Many be called fewe electe. Marke howe many infideles be damp ned, howe many euill chrysten men there be howe fewe lyue chrystianly, and thou shalt per ceue anone that there be far- re moze vessels of iustice thā of mercye. The electe are the vessels of mercye, the refuse & vessels of iustice. Let nat Ma ry Magdalen make the truste noz the thefe, noz Peter, noz Paule, for there was but one Mary, one thefe, one Peter one Paule. Crowest thou to be acōted amongst so fewe: whiche haste commytted so many and so hughe synnes which haste bene a slaunder in the churche, whiche hast offen- ded heuē and erth: Lo thy eye hathe wepte, thy herte hath be sought mercye, and as yet thou haste obtayned none, So ma- ny prayers of them that loued the, whether be they herde And why so? Surely bycause thou art reputed among the vessels of pye. Thy hope hathe made the

A meditacyon

the to labour in vayne. Follow
my counsell, heuen hath caste
the bp, the erthe receyued the
nat. who can suffer this great
confusyon? Better it is for the
to dye, than to lyue, chose deth,
whiche yf no man wyll bynge
bpō the, lay handes vpon thy
selfe, flee thy selfe. These woꝝ
des she with wonderful impoꝝ
tunte layde on, & all the hole
hooste with loude voyces dyd
reherce the same saynge. Deth
onely is thy refuge. But I he-
ryng this was sore aferde and
sodenly fell downe vpon my
face cryeng out and sayeng.
Lorde helpe, lord forsake me
nat, come my hope. Lo soden-
ly hope glysterynge from heuē
came downe and touched my
syde and lifted me bp, and dyd
set me on me fete and sayde.
Howe longe yet shalte thou be
a babe? Howe longe wylt thou
be a nouyce and a yonge sou-
dyer? So ofte thou haste bene
in batell and haste walked in
the myddes of the darckenes
of deathe, and haste nat yet let
ted to fyght. Be thou nat dis-
mayed of the great iustice of
god, be thou comforted thou

bpon the xxx. Psal.

saynt herted felowe. Let them
feare whiche be nat conuerted
to the lord whiche walke in
theyꝝ owne wayes, whiche fo-
lowe vanities, whiche knowe
nat the waye of peace, let the
wycked tremble which do gre-
uously synne, and saye, what
haue I done? Whiche be nat
conuerted to the herte, whiche
be called and refuse to come,
they knowe nat god and wyl
nat vnderstāde that they may
do well, let these feare. What
sayth the Apostles? It is a dyed
full thyng to fal in to the han-
des of the lyuyng god. Sure-
ly, suche doutles the iustice of
god punyssheth, suche men par-
tayne to her. But synners whi-
che returnyng agayne to the
selues do ryle agayne & runne
to the father of mercyes saing.
Luke. xv. Father I haue syn-
ned agaynst heuen and towar-
des the. But be thou merciful
vnto me sinner. Let such haue
truste in the lord, for he that
hathe drawen the, vndoutedly
wyl receyue them and iustifie
the. Let heuines bynge foꝝeth
yf she can one synner were he
neuer so great which couerted

A meditation

Upon the .xxx. Psal.

to the lord was nat receyued the by hys grace. My sonne
of hi & iustified, for althoughe despise nat the correctio of the
it be wyrtten of Esau that he lord, nor disdayne nat whan
founde no place of repentaunce thou arte checked of hym, for
thoughe he sought it with teares, this maketh nothyng ag-
gynste vs, for Esau dyd nat stiseth, he skozgeth euery chyld
wepe for his synnes & he had that he receyueth. Contynue
compted but for his tempozal thā in the affliction, god sheweth
goodes that he had lost which hym selfe to the as vnto
he could nat recouer. For thin his sonne. And thoughe there
ke nat that iustice do so pcarne be fewe the cholen chyldzen of
to the wycked that it is clene god, haupnge regarde to the
seperate fro mercy, nor againe disallowed, yet there be innu-
that mercy dothe so belonge to merable that shalbe saued nor
ryghtwysse men that is clene se there is nat onely one Marye
uered from iustice, for all the Magdelene, one these, one Pe-
wayes of the lord is mercye & ter, one Paule, for innumera-
vertue for he sheweth mercy ble haue folowed their steppes
also to sinners in gpyng the doyng repentaunce and re-
for the good dedes that they do ceyueth of the lord, rewarded
tempozally, tempozall rewat- with many and great gistes of
des and after this lyfe in puni grace, nor mercy is no lesse in
shynge them nat so moche as her woꝝkes, than Justyce for
they deserued. Lykewysse his mercye gpyeth so great good
electe he pursue with his iusti thynges to ryghtwysse mē that
ce in punyshynge them tempo her woꝝkes do farre exceede the
rally for they synnes that they woꝝkes of iustyce. Knowest
be nat punyshed euertlastingly nat that the earth is full of the
Thou therfore suffer pacyent- mercy of god? What creature
ly the lord, thou hast synned, can gloꝝpe that he hath recey-
make repentaunce, let the re- ued any thyng, whiche hath
myssyon of thy synnes suffyce nat taken it of the mercy of
god & And yf y hast greuously
offended

A meditacyon

Upon the. xxx. Psal.

offended god, yet his mercy is greater than all the synnes of the worlde trouble nat thy selfe for the multitude & greuousnes of thy synnes, hath nat mercy nowe come rennyng and mete the: hath he nat taken the vp and kyssed the? Lo thou dydest fall, and thou wast nat hurt. Why, arte thou nat a fragile vesselliche yf it fall most nedes be broused: Unless some body put vnder his hande why thā whan thou sellest, wast thou nat hurt? who dyd put vnder his hande? Who, but the lord. This is a great sygne that thou arte electe, for the electe whan he fall he shall nat be broused, for the lord wyl put vnder his hande. Doth nat the Apostle wyte to them that loue god al thynges worke to good in so moch that the very synne worketh them to good. Dothe nat that chaunce worke them to good whereby they be made bothe humbler & wiser: dothe nat the lord receyue hym whiche is receyued of humilitie. Thou hast loued the lord many yerres for his loue thou hast laboured, after

thou dydest lyfte vp thy herte and walke in the vanite of thy wytte, the lord with drew his hande and thou fel, and in to the depnes of the see thou dedest descende. Howe be it the goodnes of y lord forth with put vnder his hande, and thou wast nat broused. Say than: Wyuen awake I was turned by that I shulde fall, and the lord toke me vp. Nat so that wycked nat so: whome god hath relected. Whan they fall they ryse nat agayne but ether with great shame they excuse their synnes so that they haue the boldnes of an harlot and nowe they neyther feare god ne man. Arise than and be of a stronge hert, be myghty and valyaunt, abyde the lord and do manfully and let thy herte be enstrengthened & suffer y lord. Thou haste proued thyne owne prowes howe it is of no force. Than humble nowe thy selfe vnder y puissaunt hande of god & hens forth be more ware. Patience is necessarie to the, with out ceasynge pray, & the lord shall heare y in due tyme. Arise thā & laye awake all iustice fro

A meditacyon

thy selfe, embrace the fete of þ
lozde and he shall saue and de-
lyuer the. These wordes sayd,
He was rauyshed into heuen
leuyng me enstrengthed and
wonderfully consoxted whom
forthwith with all my herte
ensuyng, I stode befoze god
my sauour pstrate & I sayd.
Be vnto me a god protectour
and an house of refuge & thou
mayste saue me.

Foz thou god arte of all the
greatest and the strögest, thou
the redeamer, and sauour of
all thou the protectour of the
faythful, to the I flee boldely.
Hope hath brought me i, hope
which thou so derely dost loue,
whome thou hast alwayes co-
mended vnto vs, with her haue
I nat feared to cōe befoze thy
face. I graūt I am vnworthy
but she dzeue me. I feared to
approche nere foz my many-
folde synnes but she hath en-
couraged me. Lo she standeth
befoze the, she bereth wytnes,
I speake to the lozd beyng my
selfe fleshe and a synner hope
taught me & layde to me that
bodely I shuld opē my mouth
Swete and gentle quod she,

hpon the. xxx. Psal.

is the lozde he wyl nat dzyue þ
awaye, he wyl nat be angrye
he wyl gladly heare what so
euer thou desyre he wyl gyue
I beleued him, foz which cause
I spake. But cōsyderyng the
maiestye I was greatly hum-
bled, and I sayd in my traūce,
euery man is a lyar. I wyl ne-
uer moze trust in mā but in the
onely, thou onely art faythfull
in al thy wordes and euery mā
is a lyar. What shal I yelde þ
lozde foz all that thou hast gy-
uen vnto me? The cuppe of sal-
uacyon I wyl take. Foz from
hens forth I wyl lyue nat vn-
to me but vnto þ doyng good
foz thy loue I wyl suffer all e-
uyls. I wyl nat dwel thzough
myne owne myght but I wyl
call on the name of the lozde.
My vowes I wyl yelde to all
thy people foz in þ sight of god
the dethe of his sayntes is pre-
cious. Be thā vnto me a god
protectour, defende me frō my
ennemyes. Myne enemyes
are my synnes, which prouoke
thy ryghtwylnes agaynst me.
I shal nat be able to stande a-
gaynst them yf thou dost nat
protecte me. Let thy mercy be
my

A meditacyon

my chylde Lorde and with the
chylde of thy good wil crowne
me. I haue nothyng to offre
vnto hym wherwith I maye
tempre his furour, all that I
byng with me accuse me.

Wherfore I wyl offre thy pas-
syon lorde. Be nat displeased
lorde god, but rather be vnto
me a god protectour, vnder thy
wynges protecte me, with thy
shulders shadowe me, and vnder
thy fethers I wyl truste.

What shal iustice do to me, yf
thou kepest me vnder thy pro-
tectyon, she wyl holde her pea-
ce lorde, and put vp the swerde
of her fure, she shalbe made
tame and gentle, seyng þ good-
nes of thy incarnation, behol-
dyng the woundes of thy pas-
syon, consyderynge the blode
of thy charitie, she wyl depart
from me and saye. Be mery
sonne thou haste founde me,
eate in peace, slepe and reste to-
gyther with me. Wetherfore
Lorde to me a god protectour
an house of refuge that in the
tyme of rayne and storme, in
the tyme of temptacyons I may
flie vnto the, for in the onely
is my helthe, be thou vnto me

vpon the. xxx. Psal.

a house of refuge, open vnto
me thy syde persed with the spe-
re that I maye enter the breste
of so tender loue, in whiche I
may be safe from the feblenes
of spirite and from tempest,
hyde me in thy tabernacle, in
the daye of euyls, protecte me
in an angle of thy tabernacle,
let it be the house of my refuge
that þ mayste make me saufe,
for I can nat be but saufe in
þ house of thy refuge for thou
hast put thy refuge most high,
this place is well fensed, no
ennemy is there feared, wolde
god I myght alwayes abyde
in it, who dwelleth in it can nat
be wounded. Wherfore at all
temptacyons at all tribulacy-
ons, at all necessities, open
lorde vnto me the house of thy
refuge, sprede abroad the bo-
some of thy tender loue, shewe
forth the bowels of thy mercy,
that þ mayste make me saufe,
let nat the temptour come the-
ther, let nat þ flauder clyme
vp, let nat that naughty accu-
ser of his betherne approche,
I shalbe than sure without cu-
re, ye alreedy me thynketh I
am excedyngly well & quyet.

G.iiij.

I thake

A meditation

I thanke the good Iesu that thou haste sent thy hope vnto me whiche haue reysed me of duste and of donge lyfte me vp, and set me be foze the, that thou shuldest be god my protectour and the house of my refuge to the entet thou shuldest saue me. My mynde is troubled: Lo heuynes is at hande she commeth with the banner of iustice, from yesterdayes cōflicte she departeth nat, but she is defēded with other weapons, for this nyght she hathe stolen away my weapons and with my swerdes she hathe gyrded her souldiers. Wherfoze vnweapened and weake what shall I do? Lo howe bytterly she cryeth, with what assaute she setteth vpon me, what truste she hath of the victorie. Where, quod she, is thy protectour, Where is the house of refuge? Where is thy helthe? Contynuest thou styll in thy bayne hope, thy comfortes procede but of ymagynacyon. Thou ymagynest god mercyfull and thy protectour, and the house of thy refuge and thou thynkest that thou clymest vp to

vpon the. xxx. Psal.

heuē. Surely thou art illuded of thy phantaspe, and comforted with bayne hope, thynkest that thou were rauished vp to the thynde heuen? These are but dreames. Recounte with thy selfe howe greuous an offence is ingratitude. Dothe nat this dyue vp by the fountayne of mercy? Remembze. Christe wepte for the cytye of Hierusalem and tolde afoze the euyls that shuld befall vnto it, sayng The dayes shall come vpon the, and thy ennemyes shall beseege y and compasse the about and dyue the into streytes, & bete the downe to the grounde and thy chyldre that be in the, and they shall nat leue in the a stone vpon a stone. Noz the cause of so great vengeaunce he kepte nat close but added it saynge. Bycause thou knewest nat the tyme of thy visitacyon Lo ingratitude deserueth nat onely to be depzyued of benefytes, but also greuously to be punished. Dothe nat this belonge to the soule? Dothe nat Hierusalem oftentymes in scripture signifie the soule? which whā it wyl nat knowe the

A meditacion

Upon the. xxx. Psal.

the visitacyon of the lord is
beseged wth dyuels & with son-
dyr temptacyons wherwith it
is afflicte falleth downe to
erthly thynges, is prostrate
no; no good vertue no; good
dede is lefte in it which is nat
destroied, for it is spoyled of al
grace, no; it is bylded agayne
he knoweth nat the tyme of
her visitacyon. Thou, truly
thou I saye arte this cytpe en-
ryched of god with many and
great benefytes and thou ac-
knowlegest it nat but wert vn-
kynde, he created the to his
owne lyknes. In myddes of
his churche, nat amonge the
infydeles he made y^e to be boz-
ne. He dyd set y^e in a floueryng
cytpe, with the water of bap-
tysme he sanctyfied the, in a
relgyous house he brought
the vp. But thou cannest af-
ter thy lustes, in the vanyte of
thy brayne thou walkedest,
thou cannest downe into depe
synnes, the lord called the,
and thou answeredest nat. He
oft aduertysed the and thou
regardedest nat his counsell.
Howe oft dyd he lyghten the
howe oft dyd he turne y^e to thy

hert, howe oft dyd he awake y^e
fro slepe: he inuyted the and y^e
dedyft resyste hym. At last his
ineffable goodnes ouercame
the. Thou dedyft offende and
he blysped the, thou sellest and
he plucke the vp, thou werte
ignozant & he taught the, thou
werte blynde and he lyghted
the fro the rúble of the worlde
from the tempest of the see he
brought the to quietnes and
to y^e porte of relgyon, he gaue
the the habyte of holy conuer-
sacyon, he made the his preste
he brought the to the scoles of
wysedome. And yet thou haste
alwayes bene vnkynde, and
neglygently thou haste done
the wyll of the lord, whan yet
thou knowest it wyrtten. Cur-
sed is he y^e dothe the worke of y^e
lordeneclygently. No; thus
the goodnes of god dyd nat
loue the but alwaye brought
the gétly to better, and whiche
is mozte of all garnysed the
with the knowledge of scriptu-
re, the worde of preachyng he
put in thy mouthe, and dyd set
the in myddes of his people as
one of the greate and famous
men. Thou, thys nat withstan-

dyng

A meditacyon

dinge, taughtest other and re-
gardedest nat thy selfe, other
thou healedest, and thy selfe
thou sauēdest nat thou listēdest
vp thy herte in thy woꝝshype,
and therfoze thou hast lost thy
wysedome in thy woꝝshype.
Naught wert thou made and
naught shalt thou be foꝝ euer-
moze. Knowest thou nat that
the seruaunt knowynge the
wyl of the loꝝde and doyng it
nat shalbe beaten with many
stryppes: doste nat knowe that
god resysteth the pꝛoude: howe
fellest thou **Lucyfer** whi-
che dedyst sprynge vp in the
moꝝnyng which dedest woude
the gentyls whiche saydest in
thy herte, **I** wyl clyme vp to
heuen. But thou werste pluc-
ked downe to hel into the depe
of the lake, vnder the lꝛeth the
mottes & thy hyllynge is woꝝ-
mes. Thynkest thou nowe to
fynde mercy whiche hast offen-
ded many, which so ofte called
and monyshed of god woldest
nat answer. Where were thā
the iustice of god: where were
than the equitie of iudgement
Mercy dothe nat alwaye fo-
lowe synners, she hath set her

vpon the. xxx. Psal.

boundes. **Is** it nat wꝛitten: **I**
haue called & ye haue becked
awaye, **I** haue spꝛede my han-
des and there was none that
wolde loke vpon me ye haue
despyled my counsell & neglec-
ted my increpacions. **I** also in
poure decay wyl laughe and
gest whan that thyng that ye
feared come vnto you. Lo nat
alwayes mercy gyueth pdone
to the synner. Doste nat consy-
der p̄ dꝛegrees of mercy to haue
an ende in the whiche beyng
adourner with so many bene-
fites of god dedyst fal into the
depe see, whiche garnyshed w
so many graces, foꝝ thy pꝛyde
and bayne gloꝝye wert a flaū-
der to the woꝝlde. Let nat thā
bayne hope decetue the whom
thou folowest, lyue hensfoꝝth
after thy luste & appetyte, wyl
thou nat be punyshed bothe in
this lyfe and in the other with
in fernall paynes. Chose to
dwell with them whiche leade
theyꝝ dayes in goodes and in
the moment of an houre shall
go downe to hell. Noꝝ let nat
shame holde the backe Take
the foꝝeheed of an harlot let
ys eat and dꝛynke, foꝝ to mo-
rowe

A meditacyon

rowe we shal dye. Thy wounde is dyspayred on, it is made incurable. I remembrynge the aduertisemētes of my mother thought I was somewhat defective in mynde yet to my power I plucked bp my selfe, & stode vpo my fete lystyng by myne pyes to heuen from whens I hoped for helpe. And lo hope with a chereful countenaunce furnished with diuine beames descendyng from aboue, sayd. Who is that enuoluc sentences with vnlearned wordes whiche hath set boundes of mercy whiche is infinite, whiche foloweth the persō thynketh to beate the waters of the see in her handes, haste nat harde the lord, saynge. In what houre so euer the synner bewayleth his synnes none of all his iniquities I wyll recorde. What man is he that synneth nat? who can saye my herte is cleane? The Vater noster belongeth to all, in whiche all men are compelled to saye. Forgyne vs our synnes. Our lord taught the Apostles thus to pray. Dothe nat than this prayer belonge to other? The apostles recey-

upon the. xxx. Psal.

ued fyrst the holy gholte. And why taught he them thus to pray, yf they had no synne, and yf they had who can gloze? he is no synner? Heare the beloued disciple of the lord. If we saye, quod he, that we haue no synne we begyle our selues and truth is nat in vs James the Apostle, In many thyngs, quod he, we all offende, wherfore all haue synned and nede the mercy of god yf the holy men of god. For it is wrytten. Seuen tymes a daye fall the iuste man and he shall ryse againe. wherfore mercy hath no lymytes nor boundes. But so ofte as the synner lamēteyth his gyfte, so ofte he optayneth mercy. For it skylleth nat whether we speake of greate or of lytle offences. Thou haste fallen, aryse, and mercy shal take the vp. Thou shynkest, call & mercy shal come vnto the. Againe thou fallest againe thou shynkest turne the to the lord and the bowels of his pytye shal open to the. Thou fallest the thyrde time and the fourth, knocke: crye, and mercy wyll nat forsake the, as oft as thou synnest

G. b.

A meditacyon

synnest, so ofte tyme agayne & mercye shall haue no ende. Why doste thou vpbryde the benefites that thou hast taken O thou wretched woman he-uynes? Dyd nat Dauid the great Prophete receyue many and great benefites of whome the Lorde sayde, I haue founde a man acceordynge to my herte, and yet he synned and that greuously aswell in aduoutry as in the murderynge of a good and innocent person and yet the lorde ended nat his mercy in hym. What byngest thou the synne of pryde? Dyd nat Dauid lyfte vp his herte and caused to number the people of Israel: for he glozped as though he hadde bene a great kynge and a myghty in his owne strengthe and puissance, and yet he was nat recte for this. Why? for he dyd nat hyde his synne: he dyd nat bolste it as Sodoma dyd, but he sayd. I wyll cōfesse against my selfe my iniustice to the lorde. Wherfore mercy hath set no lymyttes nor boundes vnto her selfe, but the wicked and daimned persons do set endes

Upon the. xxx. psal.

to them selues that they may nat passe vnto it, for he cometh to them, but they byrue her away. Wherfore it is witten: Thy perdytyon Israel is of thy selfe, of me onely is thy helpe. Open thy mouthe sayth mercy and I wyll fyll it. Holde out thy bosome and I wyll gyue the a good mesure and heaped full and flowynge ouer. Contynue in prayers and wepyng. For he that hath begone to loue the and prouoke the with benefytes and graces to his loue wyll nat leue the but gyue the encrease and performe rather his worke. What naturall cause begynneth a worke and leue in the mydde waye. The vertue of seede ceaseth nat vntyl it hath brought the frute to perfectyon. What byrde leueth her yonge, before they be able to rule them selues? Why do they this? What profyte cometh vnto them of this? None truely but onely labour. Loue than compelleth the naturall causes to byrge theyr effectes to perfectyon, goodnes cōpelleth them whiche they couete to powze out,

A meditacyon

for goodnes alwayes diffundeth it selfe. If than the creatures do this, what shall the creatoꝝ do, for he is þe selfe loue he is infynyte goodes. Shall nat he make perfyte his worke. Heare the loꝝde Iesus. It is my worke, quod he, to do the wyll of hym that sent me, that I shulde make perfite his worke. He than that began to loue the with his gyftes and gra-
tuite benefytes to allure the vnto hym, to clyse the and also to purge the from synne, with out doubt he wyll make parfite his worke, for these be the preparatyons of euerlastyng life. Why therfoze nowe whan thou fellest, waste thou nat bꝛoused? Was it nat bycause the loꝝde dyd put vnder his hande, and why dyd he put vnder his hande? Why dyd he turne to the thy hert? why dyd he prouoke the to repentaunce? why dyd he comforte the? was it nat bycause he wolde make the cleane & stycke vnto hym and make the worthy his grace & bypꝛinge the to euerlastyng lyfe. These be nat illusyons and thy ymagynacyons, but

Upon the. xxx. Psal.

diuine inspiracyons. But be it, let them be ymagynacyons, be they nat good? Do they nat come from the vertue of faith? Wherfoze spthe all issueth fro god, vndoutedly these ymagynacyons are dyuine illumynacyons. Reioyse therfoze in these wordes. At thele wordes my herte was so comforted that for ioye I beganne to synge sayeng.

The Loꝝde is myne enlyghtenyng and my helth, whome shal I feare? The loꝝde the protectour of my lyfe, of whom shal I be abashed.

At the fete of the Loꝝde prostrate with wepyng I sayd
Loꝝde though a felde be
pytched agaynst me
my fortitude and
my refuge
arte þe,
and
for thy names sake
thou shalt bypꝛinge
me out & non-
ryshe
me.

An end of the medi

tacyon of Hierom of farrarie vpon the Psalme
of Ante domine speraui/whiche preuēted
by deth he could nat fynyshe. Impryn
ted at Londō in fletestrete by me
Roberte Redman/dwellynge

at the signe of the Gorge
nexte to Saynt Dun
stones chur
che.

In the yere of our Lorde
de GOD. M.CCCCC.
xxxix.



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di
ne

